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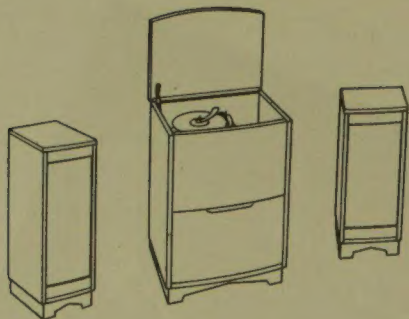
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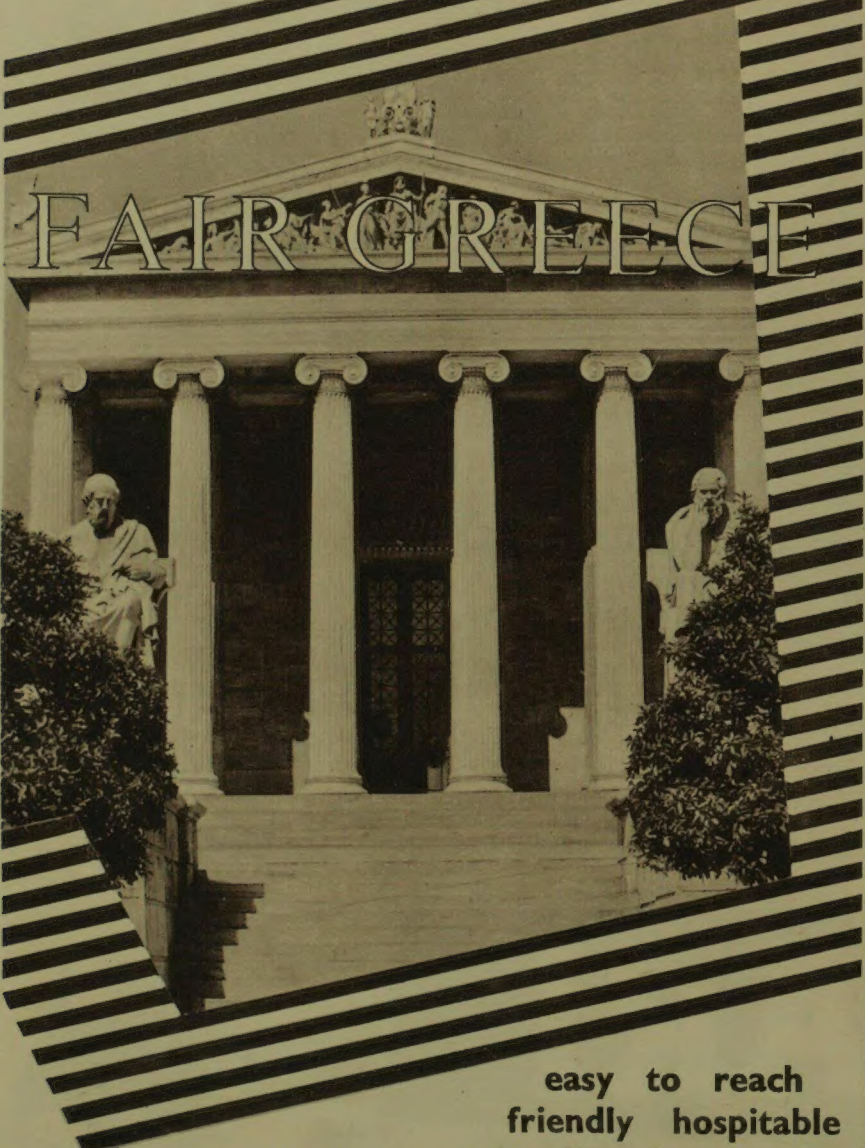
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1959.



VICTIMS OF JAPAN'S WORST TYPHOON EVER: SOME OF THE 1,300,000 STRICKEN INHABITANTS IN THE NAGOYA AREA.

As a result of the worst typhoon to hit the country in recorded history, about 5000 people are almost certain to have been killed and nearly 15,000 injured in the Nagoya area of Central Japan. The typhoon struck on September 26 and 27, at the worst possible moment—high tide: 17-ft.-high waves crashed on to the wharves, and in a very short time the lower-lying areas of Nagoya were flooded. In the country

districts nearby the harvest is devastated, and the paddy-fields, drenched by sea-water, will be virtually useless for a number of years. Thousands of people have been sitting with their more valuable possessions—television sets, clothing and personal property—on the roofs of their houses, awaiting rescue or an abatement, while many others have refused to leave for fear of looting. (Other photographs appear on pages 388-389.)

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By ARTHUR BRYANT.

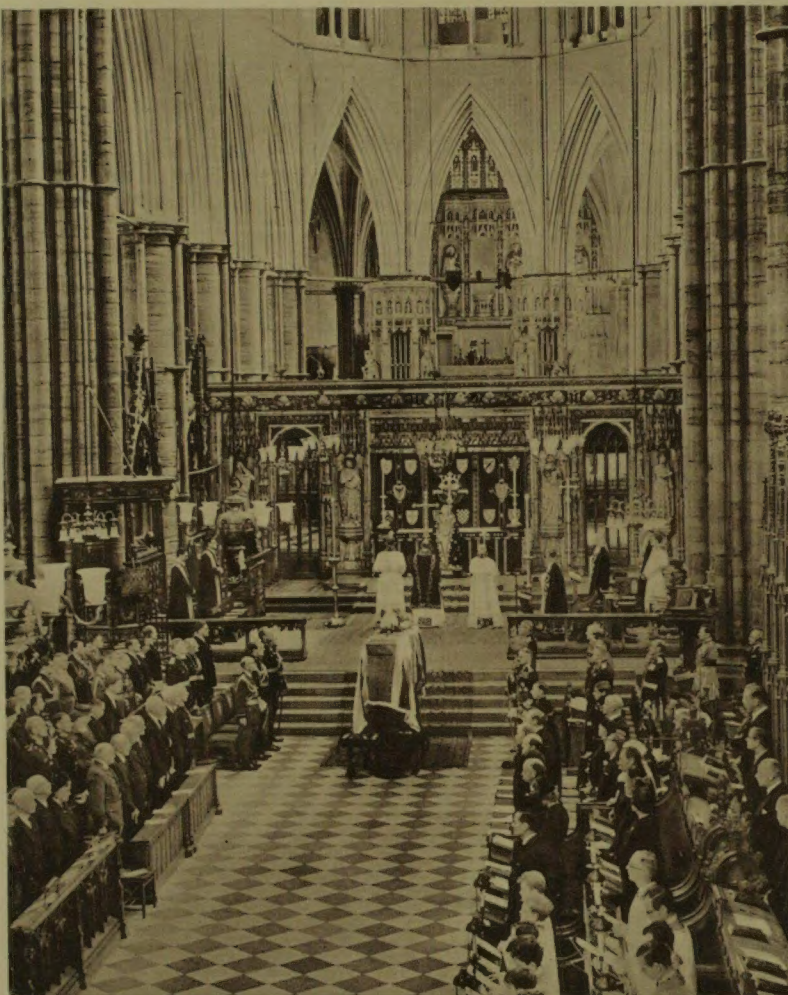
HOW far away the jokes of the past can seem! And how inexplicable. "Auntie," says the little girl in the caption below the *Punch* drawing of forty years ago, "don't cats go to Heaven?" "No, my dear. Didn't you hear the Vicar say at the Children's Service that animals hadn't souls and therefore could not go to Heaven?" "Where do they get the strings for the harps then?" What can our generation of space-fans and television viewers who only go to church to be married or buried make of that? Or of this, beneath a picture of a gentlemanly and well-dressed hiker being put on his way by a rustic to whom he has addressed a question, "There be Mrs. Rouse's, over agin the church. I believe she do put up with lodgers." Such jokes are now almost as elusive and, therefore, to our younger generation as unfunny as the wisecracks of Shakespeare's clowns that have inspired German scholars to so many reams of explanatory pedantry. Yet, if one is young enough or old enough, whichever way one looks at it, these vanished jokes of yester-year can serve a two-way function. For they not only set learned researchers unravelling mysteries in Record Offices; they can send aging men's minds spinning backwards through time into an age when the jokes may have been silly but the dew was on the world, and they and it were "new acquaint." And everything that happened then had a freshness and a keenness of awareness and apprehension, much as a terrier's walk has for a terrier!

This is the fascination of turning over the old *Punches* of one's youth after a lapse of many years. The jokes may seem, as jokes, very thin, the people of the time and their conventions a little absurd, yet they have the power to relight and warm the heart. They awake memories which presumably are as much part of our continuing souls as our tissues are of our bodies. So the rather tenuous little joke about cats and angels' harps and the Children's Service in F. H. Townsend's charming drawing recalls the Children's Services of my own childhood, while the obviously "genteel" hiker asking the way from the contemptuous rustic brings back the memory of my own first walking tour in the very year of the volume before me. In 1920 I was still a very young man, military service and the war behind me and my happy days at Oxford just finishing or finished and a career about to be embraced. And I was no further away from the days when I used to attend the Children's Service at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and when, in the country, the whole village, young and old, went to church every Sunday than I am now from the years immediately after the Second War. There would have seemed nothing strange to me then about the little girl's theological question or the horror of her aunt and nurse at it. The rather literal theological mythology that became interlarded with the Church's teaching in the minds of little children was part of my childhood in a way that it no longer is of the average English child of to-day. And well over half a century later the exact words of the prayers I learnt at my nurse's knee—with warnings of the eternal punishment that awaited me if I failed to be word-perfect—are still impressed on my memory, far more so, indeed, than they were then, for

out of nervousness I used often to forget them. Indeed, I was in this, as in so many other matters, a rather unsatisfactory little boy. I was once even—the memory of it still makes me start—publicly rebuked from the pulpit! It was on a hot, sleepy summer's afternoon and, unbeknown to my mother, who was sitting beside me, I had taken a clockwork mouse, which I had lately acquired, in my pocket to the Children's Service. The vicar—a man with a great sense of humour and a wonderful way with children, and a friend of our family—was preaching, as was his custom,

relieved to find myself undetected, I began to realise that when the sermon ceased, which it was likely to do at any moment, and when, on the conclusion of the service, the congregation rose to its feet and filed out towards the door behind us, my mouse could be out of reach and trampled under foot. There seemed only one thing to be done, to crawl, while my mother still dozed, to my strayed treasure, retrieve it and regain my pew. Seizing the first moment when the vicar's eyes were turned another way, I made a swift dive, regained the mouse and was almost back in my pew when the sermon stopped dead and a voice of doom sounded—"Arthur Bryant, you troublesome little boy! You think I don't see you, but I do!" I can still hear those dread words.

As for the walking tour, taken with a friend of then only a few days' acquaintance in years when the flame of friendship lit quickly and burnt brightly, how vividly that, too, is imprinted on my memory! We had set off on an August afternoon from the high lawn, where only a few hours ago I was looking down on the very woodlands through which the first steps of our journey lay. Striking southwards over Winn Green and the South Wiltshire downs into Dorset towards the scenes of Hardy's novels which were the *raison d'être* of our pilgrimage, by nightfall we had reached the outskirts of Cranborne Chase. It must, I think, have been somewhere near Chettle that, after much searching, we found a night's lodging in a farmhouse. We had some difficulty in persuading the farmer's wife—a sensible, pleasant-faced woman—to take us in, and I suspect it was only because we looked tired that she did so at all; when we told her we were on a walking-tour (I doubt if the word "hiker" had then been invented) she remarked that we looked too sensible for that! But my strongest memory of the way the rural population reacted to pioneer hikers is of arriving in the evening a week later at the little town of Bere Regis, having walked on a blazing day across Hardy's Egdon Heath from Dorchester. It was Sunday, and as we made our way down the main street with our haversacks on our backs, enquiring at one unaccommodating inn after another, we were greeted with jeers by the rustic youth standing in groups at the doorways. Finally, in despair, we sought the local garage with the idea of abandoning our principles—since there seemed no other hope of a night's lodging—and of hiring a car to the nearest station at Wool to catch the last train to Dorchester or Wareham. But when, after some searching, we found the proprietor in a bungalow next door to the deserted garage, he was in the middle of his evening meal and, as he apologetically explained, was celebrating with his wife the first anniversary of his wedding day and for that reason could not undertake our commission. Yet, just as footsore, hungry and disheartened, we turned away into the darkness, his wife, who must have heard our tale of woe, appeared in the lighted doorway and beckoned us back. And thereupon these kind people called us back, bade us share their meal and the bottle of champagne they had opened, and insisted on our spending the night with them as their guests. I am glad that old volume of *Punch* reminded me of such Christian charity and courtesy.



THE FUNERAL OF FIELD MARSHAL LORD IRONSIDE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON SEPTEMBER 30: THE "LAST POST" BEING SOUNDED FROM ABOVE THE HIGH ALTAR.

Field Marshal Lord Ironside, who was C.I.G.S. and General Officer Commanding Home Forces in 1940, died at the Military Hospital, Millbank, on September 22. The procession with his coffin on a gun-carriage marched from there to the Abbey for the funeral service. A guard of honour provided by the 3rd Bn., Grenadier Guards, was mounted outside the Abbey.

from the Chancel steps, and the unwonted heat in the crowded church had caused my mother to doze a little as the sermon drew towards its close. And at that moment the Devil, who saw his chance, instigated me to wind up my mouse and try it out on the matting that all but covered the iron central-heating grid in the middle aisle by my side. With one eye on my mother and another on the vicar—twenty or thirty pews away—I quietly and cautiously put the mouse on the matting and recovered it as it completed its silent circle. This gave me great satisfaction and I relaxed with a contented sigh. Unfortunately the Devil didn't and instigated me to do it again. And this time the mouse, instead of coming back to me, got out of orbit on the rough matting and ran off on to the iron grating at its edge, making a dreadful clatter and finally coming to rest two pews ahead of me. At first I thought my crime must be detected and was dreadfully alarmed. But neither my mother nor the vicar appeared to have heard or noticed, and once more the tempter emboldened me. For, though greatly



## SIDELIGHTS ON THE ELECTION— INGENUITY IN THE PERSONAL APPROACH.



IN PURSUIT OF THE FLOATING VOTER: DR. R. F. B. BENNETT, CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR GOSPORT AND FAREHAM, IN THE WAKE OF THE PORTSMOUTH FERRY.



MR. CHARLES TRUMAN, LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR THE HENLEY CONSTITUENCY, USING A BICYCLE TO COVER THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF A RURAL AREA—AN ADMIRABLE METHOD, AT ALL EVENTS IN A FAIR WEATHER ELECTION.



TRYING TO PLUCK A VOTE OR TWO IN A BOUNTIFUL HARVEST: MRS. ELSIE OLSEN, CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR FAVERSHAM, TALKING TO APPLE-PICKERS AT SITTINGBOURNE.



DOWN INTO THE GRANITE HEART OF ABERDEEN: MRS. ELSIE DANGERFIELD, LIBERAL CANDIDATE FOR ABERDEEN SOUTH, DESCENDING THE RUBISLAW QUARRY ON CANVASSING BENT.



SEEKING THE BUBBLE REPUTATION AND A SEAT IN WANDSWORTH CENTRAL: MRS. P. LLEWELLYN DAVIES, THE LABOUR CANDIDATE, WITH HER LOUDSPEAKER.



THE CAVALIER APPROACH: MR. HAROLD SEBAG-MONTEFIORE (CONSERVATIVE), RIDING THROUGH THE STREETS OF PADDINGTON NORTH, PAUSES TO PRESS HIS CASE WITH A COUPLE OF VOTERS.



THE HOLIDAY ATMOSPHERE: MR. J. H. CORDLE, THE CONSERVATIVE CANDIDATE FOR BOURNEMOUTH EAST AND CHRISTCHURCH, GOES DOWN TO THE SANDS FOR VOTES.

In an issue like this, written before Election Day and published after nearly all the results will have been declared, any comments must needs be either detached or dangerous. In many ways it has seemed a very quiet election. Television has played a large part in it—whether an effective part it is as yet impossible to say—and this has certainly cut down attendance at public

meetings. Public meetings often generate heat; if television does likewise, the heat is insulated in a million or so separate rooms. The personal touch, in consequence, has gained an added importance; and we show here a few examples of the ingenuity displayed by candidates in an attempt to meet the voters face to face. It has, of course, been a campaign of endless sunshine.





REDUCED TO SCATTERED MATCHWOOD: PART OF NAGOYA, JAPAN'S THIRD LARGEST CITY, WHICH BORE THE BRUNT OF THE TYPHOON ON SEPTEMBER 26 AND 27.



AIRLIFT TO SAFETY BY U.S. HELICOPTER: JAPANESE CHILDREN, GRASPING PERSONAL POSSESSIONS, ARE EVACUATED FROM THEIR FLOODED HOMES NEAR DEVASTATED NAGOYA.



DIGGING IN THE RUBBLE OF THEIR FORMER HOMES: THE PEOPLE OF HANDA CITY RETURNING AFTER THE TYPHOON AND TRYING TO SALVAGE A FEW POSSESSIONS.



REMOVING THE CASUALTIES: ANOTHER SCENE IN HANDA CITY, AN INDUSTRIAL TOWN ON ISE BAY, WHERE ABOUT 2000 PEOPLE ARE REPORTED TO HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES.



AMID A PILE OF MOTOR-CYCLES, CLOTHING, TELEVISION SETS, FURNITURE AND COOKING UTENSILS: HOMELESS SURVIVORS IN NAGOYA STRUGGLE TO SAFETY.

The desperate situation in Central Japan, caused by the impact on September 26 and 27 of the most disastrous typhoon in the country's recorded history, is now being answered by rescue teams in Japan, assisted by helicopters of the United States Navy. Food has been dropped to stranded victims, and



A TYPICAL STREET IN TOKYO, AS RESIDENTS CARRY ARMFULS OF BELONGINGS, LEAVING THEIR FLOODED HOMES. ABOUT 5000 PEOPLE ALTOGETHER HAVE LOST THEIR LIVES.

thousands of others have been evacuated from their flooded and desolated homes. In one place helicopters spotted the Japanese word for "help" spelt out on a hillside by more than fifty children. Altogether the whole country has been numbed by the sudden disaster which has [Continued opposite.



# WHERE ABOUT 5000 PEOPLE HAVE BEEN KILLED: CENTRAL JAPAN, HELPLESS VICTIM OF THE WORST TYPHOON IN THE COUNTRY'S RECORDED HISTORY.



EVACUATION BY RAFT IN THE JAPANESE CAPITAL: RESIDENTS OF TOKYO LEAVING THEIR FLOODED HOMES AFTER TORRENTIAL RAINS HAD FOLLOWED THE TYPHOON.



A SOLITARY OCCUPANT OF A SHATTERED HOUSE: A SCENE IN HANDA CITY, ABOUT 20 MILES FROM NAGOYA, WHERE DAMAGE IS INESTIMABLE AND THOUSANDS ARE HOMELESS



LAI D OUT IN ROWS IN THE FLOODED PADDY-FIELDS: VICTIMS OF TYPHOON VERA, THE WORST TYPHOON IN JAPAN'S RECORDED HISTORY.



BACK TO SCHOOL: SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF HOMELESS RESIDENTS OF TOKYO WHO WERE COMPELLED TO FIND SHELTER WHERE BEST THEY COULD.

*Continued.*] accounted for the lives of about 5000 people, and which rendered 260,000 others temporarily homeless. The typhoon struck late on September 26 at high tide—always the most dangerous time—and 17-ft. waves soon swamped much of the industrial city of Nagoya, the third largest in Japan, of which no less than a third was reduced to mud, rubble and floating debris. This city bore the main brunt of the typhoon's fury. Factories have been put out of action, and damage to property in Nagoya alone amounts to nearly £1,000,000. The destruction in neighbouring towns is just as appalling. In Nangyo, about five miles from Nagoya, the Mayor is reported to have said: "I feel as if my arms and legs had been cut off. All I can see is the whole town submerged under a sea and filled with dead." In the countryside farmers have suffered no less lamentably. Miles of paddy-fields, patiently reclaimed from the sea over the years, now have their harvests underwater and will take years to become fertile again. The passing of the typhoon was by no means the end of the disaster. Torrential rains added to the rising floodwater, with the result that Tokyo itself became a victim. Then the River Kiso burst its banks near its estuary, drowning what little the typhoon had left and submerging four-fifths of Tsushima, which had until then been a relief base. Rescue operations have been made particularly difficult because channels have been obscured in the floods, and because many stranded residents at first refused to leave their stricken homes for fear of looting. On October 4 Crown Prince Akihito went to Nagoya and visited a large number of the devastated areas by helicopter.



AS FLOODWATERS RACE THROUGH THEIR BEDROOMS BENEATH: A NAGOYA FAMILY HUDDLE ON THE ROOFTOP WITH THE FEW POSSESSIONS THEY HAVE MANAGED TO SAVE FROM THE DISASTER.



ONLY a brief interval followed the visit of Mr. Khrushchev to the United States before he set out for China. He reached Peking on September 30 and was met at the airport by Mao Tse-tung. The leaders of nations, whatever their political complexion, have to be active men nowadays. The trip to the United States was to such an extent the most important event and insistent subject in world politics that the first words uttered in China by Mr. Khrushchev, according to the record now before me, referred to the need to do "everything in our power to clear the atmosphere and create the conditions for friendship among the peoples." Later that day Chou En-lai was congratulatory about the visitor's recent mission as an envoy of peace.

The primary reason for the trip to China was not negotiation to preserve peace, but a celebration of victory followed by toil. It was for the tenth anniversary of the foundation of the Chinese People's Republic, and visitor and hosts held the same political faith. But, following the ancient tradition of kings and presidents on such occasions, Mr. Khrushchev was accompanied by Mr. Gromyko. It cannot be doubted that both will employ a good deal of their time with matters of international politics as well as the direct relations between

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. DICTATORS IN CONFERENCE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

Without reaching the full status of a rival, China might by policy and action cause the Soviet Union grave embarrassments. I have spoken of the possible brake in Russia's hand—but could it be put on hard? Would not China be able to turn to other industrial peoples, capitalists?

China has met with some of the setbacks to be expected in such a development as she has undertaken. Mr. Khrushchev could tell her, and perhaps has done so, that they are inevitable. None the less, her progress has been phenomenal. Industrial production, rail and road transport, and agriculture have made great and rapid advances. This is the material background, but, partly based upon it, there has likewise been a corresponding improvement in education and welfare generally. The contrasts are still sharp. The bulldozer has arrived, but we still see photographs of armies of coolies swarming like ants, each with his basket. When the eccentric Duke

Line—has been aggressive. The invasion of Tibet has not even such excuse as might be concocted for Russian action in Hungary. No Chinese leader has as yet appeared in the role of "envoy of peace"; nor does it appear that one will undertake the task in the near future.

Ignorance of the outside world among Chinese leaders is a feature about which similar comparisons may be made. Mr. Khrushchev has already taken steps in his own person to dissipate that which so long prevailed in Soviet Russia. He has given a certain amount of encouragement to a broadening of the basis of understanding, though the old measures designed to handicap the process, such as interference with radio programmes, still remain in force. The attitude of China in this respect remains as bleak as it has ever been and as was that of Soviet Russia in Stalin's bleakest days. Extreme suspicion and isolation remain the characteristics of Chinese foreign policy. The combination of ignorance and arrogance is menacing. Some say that it would disappear were China admitted to the United Nations, but this would probably be but a palliative.

Whether or not Mr. Khrushchev will advise a modification of these features of international conduct can only be surmised. It must be remembered



MR. KHRUSHCHEV ARRIVING IN PEKING ON SEPTEMBER 30 FOR THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC. HE WAS GREETED BY MAO TSE-TUNG, THE CHINESE PARTY LEADER (SECOND FROM RIGHT), LIU SHAO-CHI AND CHOU EN-LAI, THE PRIME MINISTER (LEFT).

The keynote of Mr. Khrushchev's speeches in China on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the Chinese People's Republic, has been the need for the relaxation of international tension. He arrived in Peking on September 30 for the celebrations which were followed by talks with the Chinese leaders on the world situation and their interests.

their peoples. "Friendship among the peoples" cannot be said to have occupied as prominent a place of late among official utterances—or deeds—in China as in Soviet Russia. Nor is this the only difference in national outlook.

It is generally believed that Mr. Khrushchev returned from a former visit to China a worried and preoccupied man. The atmosphere is interesting. On the one hand, China is by far the most powerful Communist State after Russia and living under a system of Communism equally pure, though with certain divergences due to character, tradition, and philosophy. Chinese support is of immense value to Russia. For the time being, too, Russia stands in a fairly strong position *vis-à-vis* her friend and ally because she is the source of so much of the machinery, and skill in using and maintaining it, which China requires for her rapid industrial expansion. This is not, however, a permanent or, indeed, a long-enduring asset, as Japan showed some half a century ago.

On the other hand, it must be obvious to her visitor that China represents a potential rival to Soviet Russia. There is no need to discuss the thorny problem of how soon this might occur or whether within a period suitable for consideration by practical politicians China could possibly reach an equality of power. The fact remains that the question must tease the mind of the ruler of Russia. Nor is it the only one to be faced.

of Portland made his underground ballroom at Welbeck he gave each Irish labourer a shovel, a basket, an umbrella, and a donkey. The Chinese labourer has not got a donkey.

These, however, like the relatively numerous horses in London after the Second World War, represent the last relics of a past age and are not likely to survive for long. Things are changing faster than they ever changed here, even in our own industrial revolution. Below the surface there are, however, strong upheavals. We know even less of the inside story of rule in China than we did of Stalin's Russia, but differences of opinion, which must reflect differences of policy as well as personal rivalries, have been impossible to conceal. Only the other day there occurred a dismissal which might have been regarded as sensational had we been aware of the precise reason behind it.

So far I have been polite, but it is impossible to find polite words to represent two facts standing for tendencies dangerous to the world. They are arrogance and ignorance. Whatever may be the plans and desires of Mr. Khrushchev for the future of international relations, few doubt that he is now seeking a *détente*. There has hitherto been no sign of a similar aim in China. On the contrary, Chinese conduct in Tibet and on the frontier of India—even allowing for the fact that the Government did not specifically recognise the MacMahon

that Russia has given at least verbal support to China's action in Tibet, but that could not have been avoided. The probability seems to be that Mr. Khrushchev will speak a word of caution. Even those who attribute to him the worst ulterior motives do not deny that he is at present seeking to reduce tension. The behaviour of China points in the opposite direction. He runs a risk of having his plans upset by bigotry and lack of responsibility. If it be acknowledged that his predecessors and even he himself have displayed those qualities in the past, that makes the prospect no more pleasing.

A London newspaper once harboured a leader writer who had a habit of winding up a clever study of a tangled situation with a sentence of which the following is hardly a caricature: "If all men of good will would apply themselves honestly and objectively to the solution of this problem, there is no reason why the future should not prove (something or other, but always pleasant)." Alas! either the men of good will were in short supply or not honest and objective enough. The problem did not get solved or was solved by fate—and the part of men of good will was singularly limited. I must try to avoid such a verdict. The tremendous heavings of China will affect the world, roughly and perhaps unhappily. Yet men of good will within China and without *might* somewhat control the convulsions, to the profit of the Chinese and other peoples.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



**MALTA.** RECEIVING A WILDLY ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME ON HIS RETURN FROM ROME: THE ARCHBISHOP OF MALTA, MGR. GONZI, ON ENTERING VALLETTA.

On October 4 the Archbishop of Malta returned from Rome to cheering crowds carrying banners and placards. According to organisers, the demonstration was "in reparation for the offences recently levelled at the spiritual head of Malta by the leader of the Malta Labour Party."



**SOUTH CAROLINA, U.S.A.** TWO MILLION GALLONS OF FUEL ON FIRE: FLAMES BILLOW FROM AN EXPLODED TANK AS DWARFED WATER-JETS PROTECT A NEIGHBOURING TANK. THE DISASTER TOOK PLACE AT THE ESSO PLANT IN CHARLESTON.



**HASSELFELDE, EAST GERMANY.** REPUTED TO BE GERMANY'S HIGHEST DAM: SITUATED IN THE HARZ MOUNTAINS, IT WILL BRING HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER TO LARGE AREAS OF EAST GERMANY. 320 FT. HIGH AND 1370 FT. LONG, THE DAM, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN COMPLETED, WILL HOLD BACK A RESERVOIR CONTAINING NEARLY 4,000,000,000 CU. FT. OF WATER.



**PARIS, FRANCE.** IN MASS PROTEST AGAINST A CUT IN THEIR PENSIONS: EX-SERVICEMEN, HUNDREDS OF THEM BEARING FLAGS, OUTSIDE THE OPERA.

One of the actions of the de Gaulle régime has been a drastic cut in the pensions of ex-Servicemen. Demonstrators, many of them veterans of World War I, moved along the Avenue de l'Opera on October 3, and demanded that their rights be respected.



**INDIANA, U.S.A.** INSPIRED BY THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM: THE NEW GLASS-AND-BRICK CHAPEL RECENTLY DEDICATED AT VALPARAISO UNIVERSITY. THE FREE-STANDING CAMPANILE IS 143 FT. HIGH, AND THE CHAPEL SEATS 3300 PEOPLE.



**NICOSIA, CYPRUS.** STOPPED BY STRIKERS APPEALING FOR AN END TO RECENT LAWLESS VIOLENCE ON THE ISLAND: THE GOVERNOR, SIR HUGH FOOT, WITH THE STRIKE LEADERS.

The most recent outbreak of violence in Cyprus, the murder of a Greek-Cypriot Cable and Wireless employee while on a stamp-collecting expedition in a Turkish village, led to a strike by other employees. Some of them spoke to Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor, who stated that he deplored the shooting and would do all he could.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



PARIS, FRANCE. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PARIS MOTOR SHOW, WHICH OPENED ON OCTOBER 1. THE EXHIBITION WAS LARGELY DOMINATED BY BRITISH AND AMERICAN CARS. At the Paris Motor Show the limelight was principally on new British, American, Italian and German cars. There were few French novelties, the most outstanding being a moderate-priced sports coupé, the *Facel Vega*, a fast car priced at under £1500.



HONG KONG. THE BRITISH FREIGHTER *TAICHUNGSAN* ARRIVING IN HONG KONG HARBOUR ON OCTOBER 1 AFTER A VOYAGE IN WHICH IT WAS STATED TO HAVE BEEN SHELLED. This 2171-ton British freighter recently returned to Hong Kong. As it was entering Amoy Harbour on September 25 it was shelled. The master, Captain C. W. A. Ellis, stated that the shells came from the east—i.e., the Nationalist-held off-shore islands.



CALIFORNIA, U.S.A. READY FOR ITS LAUNCHING ON OCT. 3: THE NUCLEAR-POWERED FLEET BALLISTIC MISSILE SUBMARINE *THEODORE ROOSEVELT*, WITH SOME OF ITS FUTURE CREW. This huge nuclear-powered submarine (5400 tons light) is designed to serve as a launching base for the *Polaris* ballistic missile. It is a sister ship of U.S.S. *George Washington*.



THE CANARY ISLANDS. SPANISH ASTRONOMERS PREPARING TO RECORD THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON OCTOBER 2. OBSERVERS FROM A NUMBER OF COUNTRIES WERE PRESENT. TOTALITY LASTED 2 MINUTES 2 SECONDS.



OPPENHEIM, WEST GERMANY. ROCKET WAR—ON STARLINGS: AN OUTPOST IN A SYSTEM OF PROTECTION OF VINEYARDS AGAINST ATTACK BY FLOCKS OF STARLINGS. THE VINTAGE PROMISES TO BE A RECORD.



NEW JERSEY, U.S.A. A "FLYING SCOOTER," DEVELOPED AT THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY JAMES FORRESTAL RESEARCH CENTRE, WHICH OPERATES ON MUCH THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS THE HOVERCRAFT. RIDING 4 INS. OFF THE GROUND, IT CAN TRAVEL AT 15 M.P.H.



WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. THE U.S. ARMY'S LATEST WEAPON: A 90-MM. RECOILLESS ANTI-TANK RIFLE, WHOSE SHAPED CHARGE CAN PENETRATE THE HEAVIEST ARMOUR KNOWN. This weapon, designed to supersede the 3.5-in. *Bazooka*, is 4 ft. long, weighs 35 lb. and fires a 9-lb. shaped charge shell with an effective range of 500 yards. Although normally operated by a team of two, it can be carried, loaded and fired by a single man.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



**SOUTH CAROLINA, U.S.A. SMASHED BY GRACIE:** ONE OF THE BEACH HOMES WHICH WAS A VICTIM OF THE RECENT HURRICANE THAT HIT FOLLY BEACH. Hurricane *Gracie* swept through South Carolina on September 29, leaving havoc in its wake. Folly Beach, one of the State's most popular seaside resorts, was partially destroyed, and at Charleston the waterfront was awash with waves.



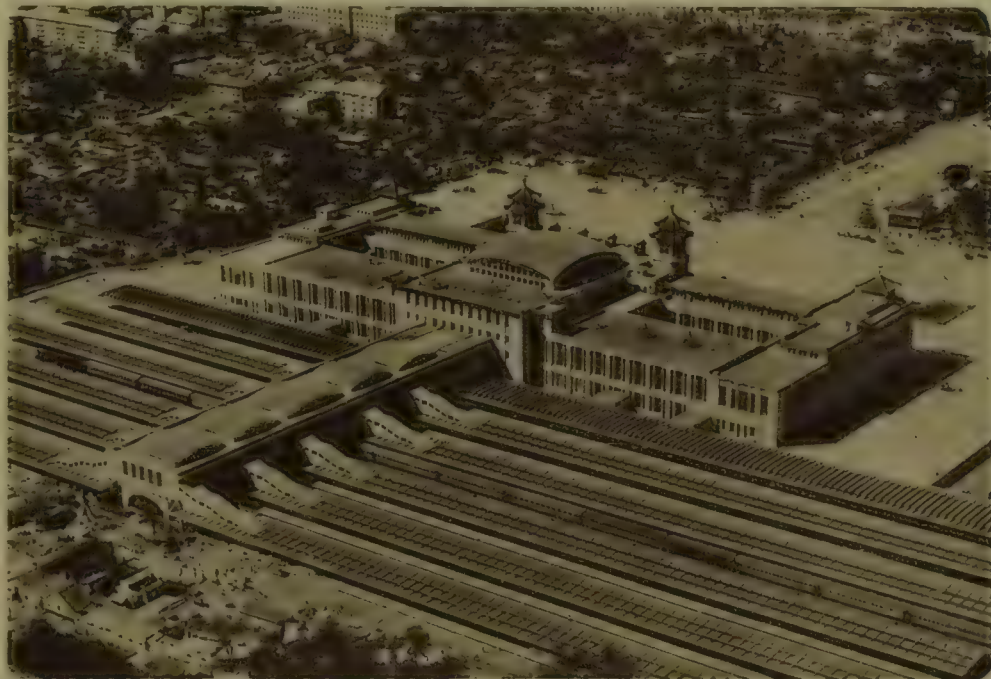
**SOUTH CAROLINA, U.S.A. FLOODED BY WAVES WHIPPED UP BY 140-M.P.H. WINDS:** THE BATTERY AT CHARLESTON IN THE GRIP OF HURRICANE *GRACIE*.



**MOSCOW, U.S.S.R. CONTAINING A CINEMA, RECEPTION HALLS, LIVING QUARTERS AND A HOTEL:** THE NEW CHINESE EMBASSY RECENTLY COMPLETED NEAR THE NEW MOSCOW UNIVERSITY.

The newly-completed Chinese Embassy in Moscow represents a fundamental change in architecture from that favoured in the Stalin era. It is clean and functional in appearance, and is in accordance with the "new look" style now favoured in the Russian capital. The architects

of the building aimed to preserve the Chinese characteristics of the building, although it is hard to see from this photograph what these characteristics consist of. It has been completed in time for the tenth anniversary of the establishment of the Communist Chinese Republic.



**PEKING, CHINA. CAPABLE OF HANDLING 2,000,000 PEOPLE A DAY:** THE NEW RAILWAY STATION IN THE CHINESE CAPITAL, WHICH HAS SEVENTEEN WAITING-ROOMS AND THREE ROOMS ESPECIALLY FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN, EQUIPPED WITH BEDS AND TOYS.



**STUTTGART, WEST GERMANY. THE FUNERAL OF HERR RUDOLF CARACCIOLA, THE FAMOUS PRE-WAR GERMAN RACING DRIVER:** A SCENE AT THE MERCEDES CAR PLANT. Herr Caracciola, who died on September 28, was one of the drivers who dominated racing in the years between the wars. As leader of the Mercedes Benz team, he won the European championship three times, in 1935, 1937 and 1938.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



CONNECTICUT, U.S.A. THE WORLD'S LARGEST SUBMARINE ON HER TRIALS IN LONG ISLAND SOUND: TRITON, THE U.S. NAVY'S 447-FT.-LONG NUCLEAR "MOBILE RADIO STATION," DESIGNED AS A WARNING STATION FOR TASK FORCES.



DENVER, COLORADO. A WINTRY SCENE IN SEPTEMBER: A STREET IN THE CITY WHICH WAS COVERED WITH DEEP SNOW WHILE NEW YORK BASKED IN WARM SUNSHINE. On September 29 the first heavy snow of the season, brought by a freak storm, and in places 4 ins. deep, fell in Colorado and caused much damage. Many sections of the city were deprived of supplies of electricity when the heavy fall brought down power cables.



COLOMBO, CEYLON. THE LYING-IN-STATE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF MR. BANDARANAIKE, THE LATE PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON, WHO DIED ON SEPTEMBER 26 AFTER BEING SHOT BY A BUDDHIST MONK.



HAILLICOURT, NORTHERN FRANCE. GENERAL DE GAULLE, THE FRENCH PRESIDENT, SHAKING HANDS WITH COALMINERS AT THE HAILLICOURT MINE DURING HIS RECENT FOUR-DAY OFFICIAL TOUR OF THE INDUSTRIAL AREAS OF NORTHERN FRANCE.



BASLE, SWITZERLAND. THE FIRST GORILLA TO BE BORN IN EUROPE AND PERHAPS THE SECOND TO BE REARED IN A ZOO: A SPRIGHTLY 4-LB. MALE BABY SEEN WITH DR. E. LANG, WHO IS REARING IT HIMSELF, AS THE MOTHER IS INCAPABLE OF DOING SO.



MILAN, ITALY. A VAST NEW SKYSCRAPER SAID TO BE THE HIGHEST IN EUROPE: THE PIRELLI BUILDING, WHICH HAS THIRTY-TWO STOREYS AND RISES TO A HEIGHT OF 417 FT. NINE OF ITS STOREYS WILL BE USED FOR FLATS AND THE REST FOR OFFICES. ANOTHER NEW SKYSCRAPER, THE GALFA BUILDING, STANDS BEHIND IT.



MEXICO CITY. A HUGE BRONZE HEAD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WHICH IS TO BE PLACED ON THE HIGHEST POINT IN WYOMING OF THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL HIGHWAY THAT BEARS HIS NAME. IT WAS CAST IN A FAMOUS FOUNDRY IN MEXICO CITY.



## THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE TOY SOLDIER

"MODEL SOLDIERS: A COLLECTOR'S GUIDE." By JOHN G. GARRATT.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

NOTHING is more remarkable in the social history of the past two generations than the steady rise in status and in popular esteem of stamp-collecting and toy soldiers. (The collecting of coins was always eminently respectable, for it went by the dignified name of numismatics.) At the turn of the century the first of these hobbies had hardly yet been honoured with the title of philately, and it still conjured up visions of small boys "swopping" stamps: to-day it is almost a science, and is certainly an industry. All this I already knew, but until Mr. Garratt's book came my way I had no conception of the heights to which the model soldier has risen, or, for that matter, how respectable and how ancient is his lineage. There is clearly so much to be learnt that this book is its own justification, and its publication should go a long way towards stimulating further interest in the subject of which it treats.

In one respect I am sorry for the modern boy, for the success of United Nations in preventing small wars has deprived him of the pleasure of adding every few years new and colourful recruits to his armies of toy soldiers. I was too young to be given boxes of British and Boer soldiers at the time of the South African War, but from the moment that the Russo-Japanese conflict broke out I never looked back; right through Dinizulu's rising, the Turco-Italian struggle, and the two Balkan Wars I was continually increasing my combatant strength. These activities were usually accompanied by a large war-map on the nursery wall on which were pinned flags to mark the progress of the campaign, so that a good deal of political, military, and geographical knowledge was also acquired in an easy and pleasant manner. Most of these soldiers were made by William Britain, and, if my memory does not deceive me, they cost 10½d. a box.

The first foreign troops were introduced in 1897, Turkish cavalry appearing to commemorate the Turco-Grecian War; and were followed in 1898 by Spanish-American infantry, Boer War infantry and cavalry (1899-1902), Egyptian cavalry and infantry (1901), and figures for the Russo-Japanese War (1904, standard and "B" sizes)....

Jumping to the days just prior to the Great War, Turkish infantry and Italian troops appeared in 1911 and, in 1912, Greek, Servian, Montenegrin and Austrian troops appeared. Many models of about this time were based on existing designs, and were hurriedly adapted to fresh wars—a practice which is universal in the toy-soldier industry.

At the same time we could not, like the boy of to-day, fight the war of our choice: he can acquire whole armies of any particular period, and it is as easy for him to array the Greeks and Persians at Thermopylae as Montgomery's and Rommel's men at El Alamein. No such choice was open to us; we were limited to the war of the moment, or to some recent one the soldiers of which had not all been broken.

Mr. Garratt is not writing for boys, or he might have devoted a chapter to the vexed question whether the soldiers should be kept in their boxes or on a shelf or table: many an otherwise united household has been split on this issue. Authority is generally in favour of the box, on the ground that once the soldiers are safely immured there, "they will not collect the dust"—a state of affairs which has appealed to mothers and nannies down the ages. On the other hand, it is a great nuisance to have to set the armies out afresh each day, for this takes some time, and there is always the risk that at the critical point in the battle authority will announce that it is time to go to bed, with the result that the issue remains undecided because

the contending armies have to be put back in their boxes again.

This, however, is by the way, for it is with the history, not the use, of the model soldier that the author is concerned. He gives it as his opinion that this begins, for all practical purposes, with the XIth Egyptian Dynasty, circa 2300 B.C.

Apart from their intrinsic and archaeological interest, these tiny figurines are invaluable for the study of armour and weapons, and methods of ancient warfare. For instance a 6 cm. high copper chariot



IN SOLID LEAD, A MODERN MASTERPIECE IN MODEL SOLDIERS: AN OFFICER OF THE 10TH HUSSARS MADE C. 1850. SIR CHARLES PETRIE HERE REVIEWS A COLLECTOR'S GUIDE TO MODEL SOLDIERS, AND RECALLS THE CHILDHOOD JOYS AND TRIBULATIONS OF THIS OLD AND EVER-POPULAR HOBBY.



MADE c. 2300 B.C.: EGYPTIAN TROOPS IN PAINTED WOOD, FROM THE TOMB OF MASAHITE, PRINCE OF ASIOUT—IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM. (These illustrations from the book "Model Soldiers" are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co. Ltd.)

of early Mesopotamian make proves that the ass was used for harnessing to war chariots. The model bears a wealth of detail, including the evidence that solid wheels were made of three pieces of wood clamped together, the rims "milled" by copper studs.

Of course, many of these figures were of votive origin, but Mr. Garratt is of the opinion that some were made as playthings, and he by no means rules out the possibility that not a few may even have served a dual purpose.

To pass to more recent times, we find that the toy soldier has gone through the three stages of lead, tin, and plastic. Personally, I am too old to have much experience of the last of these, but I hope that the warriors made of it stand up to artillery fire better than did their lead and tin predecessors. Serious casualties were few in earlier days, and probably the most prevalent cause of death was a misplaced adult foot,

but with the development of ballistics a very different, and much more dangerous, situation arose. The howitzer, in particular, threw a lead shell which was calculated to result in the loss of a head or an arm, and so to cause alarm and despondency in many nurseries. I am myself of the pre-howitzer vintage, but sufficient damage could be done with the old-fashioned Maxim; so much so, in fact, that I once tried to insure my soldiers by suggesting to my father that if I paid him a penny a week he should buy me a new box for every one soldier who was placed *hors de combat* by artillery action, but the proposal was not accepted; that is why I trust for the sake of the younger generation of to-day that the plastic warrior is made of sterner stuff.

The author has some interesting observations to make on the diorama, and those who saw the specimens on show three years ago at the exhibition commemorating the tercentenary of the Grenadier Guards will realise the possibilities of this art. In England it is relatively new, dating only from the mid-'thirties.

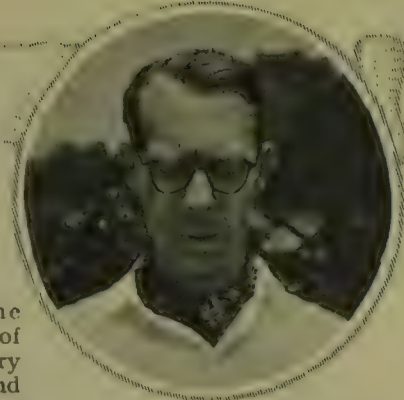
It may even be that they will provide a tiny stepping-stone to world peace, for it is on record that recently an appeal was sent from a remote island in the Pacific, asking for models with which to distract the minds of the natives from the ever-present study of Communism!; and the hope corresponded to the author by his collector-friends in Western Germany is that the hobby may help to bridge the gaps between the nations.

However that may be, the diorama has obvious educational uses, for in the hands of a competent

and imaginative teacher it can bring the past to life as successfully as any comparable medium of instruction.

All this takes us a long way from the toy soldier in the nursery in the days of our childhood: what was a game has become a hobby, and I should not be surprised if Mr. Garratt's admirably illustrated and produced volume persuades many of his readers to become collectors themselves. There are already societies devoted to the subject in no fewer than ten European and American countries, while in eleven there are permanent exhibitions of model soldiers. The boy who is to be found in the heart of every man will ensure that the movement to collect continues to gather momentum with the passing of the years.

\* "Model Soldiers: A Collector's Guide." By John G. Garratt. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co.; 42s.)



THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. JOHN G. GARRATT. Aged forty-five, Mr. John Garratt has been in the Antiquarian Book Trade ever since, in 1933, he joined a firm of antiquarian booksellers. His interest in model soldiers dates back many years, and he has contributed several articles on the subject to different journals. He is a skilled water-colourist and plays cricket—very badly, as he confesses. He is married with one daughter.





WHERE SYDNEY'S BANKERS MEET TO DO BUSINESS: A VIEW OF MARTIN PLACE, ONE OF THE CITY'S IMPORTANT COMMERCIAL CENTRES.

SYDNEY, the capital of New South Wales, Australia's largest and oldest city, and visited by Princess Alexandra of Kent during her recent very successful tour, is one of the largest cities in the Southern Hemisphere, with a population rapidly approaching 2,000,000. It is, however, young when compared with the other great cities of the world and was born when Governor Phillip, in 1788, chose the deep and sheltered harbour site for settlement in preference to the more exposed and shallower Botany Bay and the semi-silted Port Hacking, and it was on the shores of Port Jackson that the original settlement grew up. Since those early days, when the whole of Australia was a wilderness, mostly inhabited by aboriginal tribes, Sydney has become the second largest white city in the Commonwealth of Nations and a great port. It has the perfect position for a city as it is built on four beautiful inlets, [Continued opposite.

## SYDNEY, AND ITS GREAT BEAUTY: VIEWS OF AUSTRALIA'S OLDEST CITY.



AMONG THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL—AND SAFEST—HARBOURS: PORT JACKSON, SYDNEY'S



GREAT PORT, WITH ITS MANY ARMS AND INLETS, FAVOURED BY YACHTSMEN AND MARINERS ALIKE.



ONCE THE SITE OF AUSTRALIA'S FIRST ORCHARD AND NOW A PLACE OF SHADE AND REPOSE IN THE CENTRE OF THE CITY: HISTORIC MACQUARIE PLACE.

[Continued.] each harbour. The growth of the city sprawls along forty miles of the coast. The beaches with which the coastline is indented provide the finest surfing in the world. So the inhabitants of Sydney have this permanent holiday resort at their feet where they take full advantage of the bathing, sailing fishing and surfing. Also, forty miles inland there begin the ranges of the famous Blue Mountains which contain some of the most splendid plateau-canyon scenery in the world; some of the canyons are over 2000 ft. deep and have cliffs of sandstone. The city itself contains the famous Harbour Bridge, whose total length is 2½ miles. It is a great centre of Australian entertainment and has a world-famous orchestra. An opera house of very unusual and exciting design is being built on the waterfront. The vigour of Sydney was shown in the greeting that was given to Princess Alexandra by students of the Sydney University.



WITH DARLING HARBOUR AND PYRMONT—AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRIAL AREA—IN THE BACKGROUND: PART OF SYDNEY'S BUSY COMMERCIAL CENTRE.



A VIEW ACROSS THE HARBOUR TOWARDS THE CITY. IN THE



FOREGROUND IS ONE OF THE MANY SUBURBS WITH HARBOUR FRONTAGES.



A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE GOLDEN SANDS OF POPULAR BONDI BEACH, WHERE WORKERS CAN RELAX—AND ACQUIRE SUN-TANS—WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE CITY CENTRE.



## A NEWLY DISCOVERED MASTERPIECE OF ATTIC VASE-PAINTING: A "SACK OF TROY," WHICH MAY DERIVE FROM A LOST MURAL BY KIMON OF KLEONAI.

By CORNELIUS C. VERMEULE, Curator of Classical Art, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

THE Museum of Fine Arts in Boston (Mass.) recently acquired a heretofore-unknown Attic red-figure vase of great importance (Fig. 1). The vase, a work of about 465 B.C., presents in monumental fashion a series of scenes from the greatest of Greek literary cycles, the Sack of Troy or *Ilioupersis*, as it is known after the titles of several lost poems and paintings. The vase is in the shape of a *calyx-krater*, or large bowl used for mixing wine and water. The artist has been identified as the Altamura Painter, so named from a *volute-krater* found at Altamura, in Apulia (southern Italy), and now in the British Museum. The attribution was made by Sir John Beazley, who has listed more than sixty other vases by the same hand. The vase presented here is the artist's masterpiece.

Something of the beauty of the vase as a piece of pottery is explained by the symmetry of its proportions. It is almost precisely as wide at the lip as it is high, measuring from foot to lip 45 centimetres. The vase was broken into several large fragments, which have been fitted together with no more than slight flaking here and there. None of these breaks crosses crucial parts of the composition. The only restoration is a small spot at the right breast of Cassandra.

The principal scene runs together, in dramatically-posed, continuous narrative, two events separated by at least a day in the fall of Troy. Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles (Fig. 3), rushes forward to slay the aged Priam, who has taken refuge on the altar of the palace courtyard. Priam extends his hand in supplication. With his right hand, Neoptolemus hurls a tiny figure at the richly-clad monarch. The child is Astyanax, Hector's son and Priam's grandson, whom Neoptolemus will later fling from the walls of Troy as the Greeks were departing for the homeward voyage. The scene of the deaths of Priam and Astyanax, grandfather and grandson, therefore extracts its full measure of pathos, as well as drama.

The next scene is united both in arrangement of the principals and in literary sequence with that of the death of Priam. As one moves around the vase to the left, one sees that Priam's hand almost touches the outstretched hand of his daughter, Cassandra (Fig. 2), who kneels grasping the image of Athena with her other arm. The statue of Athena, represented in the *schema* of a Greek cult image of about 500 B.C., may be the Palladium, the most renowned and most sacred of Troy's protecting relics. One legend tells of the theft of the Palladium by Diomedes before Troy's fall; another version states the image was in the city until the destruction and that the Greeks stole a copy. The bearded Greek warrior seizing Cassandra is identified from the inscription between him and the statue of Athena as Ajax. This is Ajax the Less, the son of Oileus, who, according to Arctinus of Miletus, incurred the anger of his fellow-Greeks for tearing away the image of Athena in his efforts to drag Cassandra from it by force. At the extreme left a temple attendant, perhaps one of Cassandra's sisters, hastens away, with a look of horror at Cassandra's fate. She carries a chest containing sacred objects or her own jewellery. The casket may contain the Trojan holy objects (*sacra arcana*) which Aeneas was given to bear away from the doomed city.

The opposite side of the vase is taken up with the tale made famous by Vergil's account in Book Two of the *Aeneid*, the flight of Aeneas from Troy. Vergil had access to lost poems such as those of Arctinus, Lesches of Pyrrha, and Stesichorus of Himera in which the Fall of Troy was described. The artist who originated the composition interpreted in monumental simplicity by the Altamura Painter also had the writings of Arctinus, Lesches and Stesichorus in mind. He appears, however, to have selected from more than one author, since it is difficult from what survives of this literature to match all the scenes described here with any one narrative. Stesichorus's *Sack of Troy (Ilioupersis)*, known to us partly from inscribed and sculptured

we would expect some slight sign of his divinity, such as winged sandals.

One group remains (Fig. 4), two bearded warriors moving away from Priam in the direction of Creusa and Aeneas. Comparison with other presentations of this *motif* in Greek vase-painting suggests that the warrior on the right is a Trojan covering Aeneas' retreat. The Greek who menaces him with raised spear is protected by a large shield seen from the back; from this shield hangs an ornamented cloth or leather apron, affording additional protection against a spear thrust or sword-cut. Other interpretations of this scene have been suggested. The evidence of an abbreviated or garbled inscription between Creusa and the warrior on the right and the fact that the two warriors are almost disputing rather than fighting may make the scene that of Odysseus restraining Menelaos from murdering his unfaithful wife Helen. Menelaos forgave Helen and brought her home to Sparta, where she lived in complacent domesticity.

The Altamura Painter worked in a great generation of Greek painting. About the same time, or perhaps a few years later, Polygnotos painted an *Ilioupersis* on the walls of the Painted Porch or Stoa (*Stoa Poikile*) in Athens and another in the Clubhouse of the Cnidians at Delphi. Polygnotos was the master of complicated poses, overlapping figures, and receding ground levels in monumental painting. None of his murals survive. The vase-painters influenced by his style and compositions were unable to adapt his innovations to pottery with uniform success. The Altamura Painter, however, followed the more reposeful silhouettes and frieze-like compositions of monumental art in the period just after 510 B.C., when Athens had expelled the Peisistratid tyrants. In the new *krater*, which preserves more of the story of Troy's fall than any other vase of its class, the combination of drama and restraint is enhanced by the setting-off of large, red figures on a black background, in self-contained groups. These figures are linked together by gestures, glances and overlapping diagonals of limbs, feet or single weapons. The painted areas of the figures and their costumes add to the success of this monumental and decorative presentation.

In an excellent article on the Fall of Troy in Greek vase-painting, published in the *American Journal of Archaeology* in 1954, Matthew Wiencke demonstrated that several compositions involving the death of Priam could be traced back in a series of relationships to a monumental archetype of the late archaic period in Greek art, the years of Athens' struggle to rid the city of autocratic domination. The vase shown here adds new evidence and new breadth to this suggestion. The great artist of the generation before 500 B.C. was Kimon of Kleonai, who we know was interested in the human body and its foreshortening in violent positions. The nude Cassandra would seem to echo this style. We may go one step further and make the suggestion that in the vase now in Boston the Altamura Painter was adapting compositions from a mural of the *Ilioupersis* by Kimon of Kleonai to the expressive needs of a masterpiece of early classical vase-painting.

Whatever the artist's sources, immediate or ultimate, the Altamura Painter presents ancient Greece's most vital literary theme as the world of Pindar and Aeschylus must have visualised these scenes. The painter worked in Athens in the stirring generation after the Persian wars, when the city was political and cultural leader of the Greek world. Thus, in presenting the Sack of Troy, the new vase unites art and literature at one of their most energetic moments.



FIG. 1. PROBABLY THE FULLEST KNOWN VASE REPRESENTATION OF THE SACK OF TROY: A SPLENDID RED-FIGURE CALYX-KRATER WHICH CAN BE CONFIDENTLY ASSIGNED TO THE ALTAMURA PAINTER.

This splendid Attic vase (1 ft. 5½ ins. high) has been recently acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. When found, it was broken into several large fragments, which have been fitted together with no more than slight flaking here and there, none of the breaks crossing crucial parts of the composition. The only restoration is a small spot on Cassandra's right breast. The place of origin is not stated, but in view of the great number of splendid Attic vases which have emerged from the swamps of Spina, it is perhaps permissible to wonder if this is among their number.

Græco-Roman reliefs (*tabula Iliaca*), seems to have told of nearly all the scenes illustrated here.

The focus of interest on the second side of the vase is the group of Aeneas (Fig. 6) (whose name is written above him) moving forward under the burden of his aged father, Anchises. Anchises grasps his crutch in the left hand and looks back over his shoulder. He sees Creusa, Aeneas' wife (Fig. 5). She is destined not to escape but to be cut down in the confused fighting of the retreat amid the burning buildings. The beardless soldier leading Aeneas may be his son Ascanius, who need not necessarily be the chubby child of Hellenistic art and Vergil's account. Although he was a companion of Astyanax, Ascanius was also a contemporary of Neoptolemus, who fights full-grown on the other side of the vase. On the other hand, the warrior may be simply one of the party who escaped with Aeneas to become the ancestors of the Romans in Italy. Hermes guides Aeneas' party on the Capitoline *Tabula Iliaca* in Rome, but if on the vase he were disguised as a warrior



## THE SACK OF TROY—BY A GREEK PAINTER OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.



FIG. 2. THESE DETAILS (FIGS. 2-6) SHOW THE WHOLE OF THE PICTURE PAINTED ON THE VASE (FIG. 1), AND THE LEFT HAND OF THIS DETAIL IS THE RIGHT HAND OF FIG. 6. HERE AJAX THE LESS SEIZES CASSANDRA, DAUGHTER OF PRIAM, AS SHE KNEELS BESIDE THE STATUE OF ATHENA—PERHAPS THE PALLADIUM—WHILE ON THE LEFT A YOUNG TEMPLE ATTENDANT, OR A SISTER OF CASSANDRA, HURRIES AWAY IN HORROR.



FIG. 3. THIS IS THE DEATH OF PRIAM. THE AGED KING OF TROY HAS TAKEN REFUGE ON THE ALTAR IN THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE; BUT NEOPTOLEMUS, THE SON OF ACHILLES, RUSHES FORWARD TO KILL HIM, HURLING AT THE KING WITH HIS RIGHT HAND THE TINY BODY OF ASTYANAX, THE INFANT SON OF HECTOR AND GRANDSON OF PRIAM. LATER IN THE SACK, NEOPTOLEMUS HURLS THE BODY OF ASTYANAX FROM THE WALLS OF TROY.



FIG. 4. A STRIKING HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT. IT SEEMS LIKELY THAT THE WARRIOR ON THE RIGHT IS A TROJAN COVERING THE RETREAT OF AENEAS. AN INTERESTING DETAIL OF THE GREEK'S ARMOUR IS THE LEATHER PROTECTIVE APRON WHICH HANGS DOWN FROM THE SHIELD. BUT IT MAY SHOW ODYSSEUS AND MENELAOS.



FIG. 5. CREUSA, THE WIFE OF AENEAS, FOLLOWING THE FLIGHT OF HER HUSBAND. SHE WAS DESTINED NOT TO SURVIVE THE ESCAPE.



FIG. 6. AENEAS RESCUES HIS AGED FATHER, ANCHISES, FROM THE DISASTER. ANCHISES, HOLDING HIS CRUTCH IN HIS RIGHT HAND, LOOKS BACK, PERHAPS AT CREUSA, PERHAPS AT THE DESTRUCTION OF TROY. ON THE RIGHT ASCANIUS, SON OF AENEAS, LEADS THE WAY WITH HIS SERPENT-ADORNED SHIELD AND, AS IT WERE, TAKES THE STORY INTO THE FUTURE.



# IN A NYASALAND DETENTION CAMP—NOW THE SUBJECT OF A COMMISSION OF INQUIRY.



A SCENE IN THE CANTEEN AT KANJEDZA DETENTION CAMP WHICH CONTAINS NYASALAND POLITICAL DETAINEES. A COMMISSION OF INQUIRY IS INVESTIGATING COMPLAINTS OF ILL-TREATMENT.



ONE OF THE LIVING QUARTERS AT KANJEDZA PRISON. THE DETAINEES ARE ALLOWED PAPERS AND LIBRARY BOOKS AND GAMES ARE PROVIDED FOR THEM.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CAMP, WHICH IS EQUIPPED WITH WATCH-TOWERS AND SEARCHLIGHTS FOR USE AT NIGHT. THE DETAINEES HAVE REFUSED TO GIVE EVIDENCE BEFORE THE COMMISSION.



A VISITOR FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD BRINGING FOOD. THE DETAINEES ARE ALLOWED ONE VISIT A WEEK FROM MEMBERS OF THEIR FAMILIES.



(Left.) SOME OF THE DETAINEES PLAYING A GAME OF DRAUGHTS: THIS GAME WAS INTRODUCED TO THEM BY THE PRISON AUTHORITIES AS PART OF THEIR REHABILITATION. THERE ARE FACILITIES FOR EXERCISE IN THE COMPOUNDS.

(Right.) THE CAMP COMMANDANT, MAJOR DAVID HENDERSON, SEEING ONE OF THE COMPOUND LEADERS WHO ARE APPOINTED BY THE DETAINEES TO PUT COMPLAINTS, MAKE SUGGESTIONS AND CLEAR UP ANY MISUNDERSTANDINGS THAT HAVE ARISEN.



On July 7 the Colonial Secretary announced in the House of Commons that a Commission of Inquiry appointed by the Rhodesian Federal and Nyasaland Governments would investigate conditions at the Kanjedza detention camp in Nyasaland. The camp, scenes of which are shown above, is one of those housing the political detainees who were arrested after the state of emergency was declared last March during the disturbances. The Commission, which began in Blantyre on September 23, announced through its chairman,

Mr. Fieldsand, that the detainees had written to say that they would not appear before nor give evidence to, the Commission. The letter was signed by the Rev. Henry Makwakwa, who is one of the detained. The charges to be investigated are of ill-treatment and assault. Half of the 1308 Africans arrested have now been released. The detainees have been introduced to draughts and table tennis and have compounds for recreation. Every man is allowed one visitor a week who can bring him food and gifts.





THE NOBLE CHAPEL TOWER WITH (LEFT TO RIGHT) A PART OF CLOISTERS, AND THE WREN BUILDING, KNOWN AS "SCHOOL."



WITH A GLIMPSE OF "MEADS" IN THE BACKGROUND: THE FINE WREN BUILDING, "SCHOOL." TO THE LEFT ARE CLOISTERS.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE: FAMILIAR SCENES AT THE OLDEST OF ENGLAND'S GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Winchester College, one of the greatest and oldest of England's public schools, owes its foundation in 1382 to the beneficence of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, who had earlier established New College at Oxford. Winchester was to provide for "70 pore and needy scholars studying and becoming proficient in grammaticals or the art and science of grammar." Building was begun in 1387 and the College opened in 1394,

subsequently becoming the model for such schools as Eton. Although Winchester was founded for the sons of the poor, it soon attracted the sons of the nobility, who paid fees and who were known as "commoners." In the mid-19th century Winchester was remodelled on the ideas of one of its most famous pupils, Arnold of Rugby, following whose enlightened teachings most public schools of the last century underwent radical changes.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders. Photolithography by the Beric Press Ltd.*





WINCHESTER COLLEGE: INNER OR CHAMBER COURT WITH CHAPEL TOWER BEYOND, AND HALL TO THE RIGHT.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders. Photolithography by the Beic Press Ltd.*





WHERE OLD STONE AND SMOOTH LAWNS BLEND: THE WARDEN'S GARDEN WITH CHAPEL AND THE WARDEN'S HOUSE.



A VIEW OF FLINT COURT—AROUND WHICH ARE GROUPED THE MAIN CLASSROOM BLOCKS—LOOKING TOWARDS THE MOBERLY LIBRARY.

#### WINCHESTER COLLEGE: VIEWS OF THE WARDEN'S GARDEN AND FLINT COURT.

Winchester College is famous for its wonderful mediæval buildings and was built to the designs of the master mason, William de Wynford. An outstanding addition of the 17th century is "School"—thought to have been designed by Sir Christopher Wren—which replaced the original very old schoolroom in Seventh Chamber; its mellow brickwork contrasts beautifully with the old weathered stone of the early buildings. Chamber Court, illustrated

in our centre double-page, housed the original "70 pore scholars" and was from the beginning the centre of college life. Among the outstanding architectural beauties of the College are Hall, containing a fine collection of portraits; Outer Gate, with its wonderful statue of the Virgin and Child, described as a masterpiece of mediæval English sculpture; Chapel; and the 15th-century Chantry.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders. Photolithography by the Beric Press Ltd.*



## A STRIKE; NEW STUDENTS' BUILDINGS; AND THE LAST OF AN AIRPORT.



LORRIES STANDING IDLE AS THE RESULT OF A STRIKE: THE SCENE AT THE WORKS OF THE BRITISH OXYGEN COMPANY AT WEMBLEY.

The unofficial strike of drivers and labourers—who are demanding a wage increase—at the British Oxygen Company had serious effects on those industries dependent upon oxygen. Motor companies have been hard hit, and supplies were flown in from the Continent.



A BEAUTIFULLY-DESIGNED DINING HALL FOR THE WOMEN OF ST. ANNE'S COLLEGE, OXFORD: A VIEW OF THE NEW BUILDING SHOWING THE EXTERIOR ABSTRACT MURAL, WHICH IS THE WORK OF MR. STEFAN KNAPP. THE ARCHITECT WAS MR. GERALD BANKS.



THE END OF CROYDON AIRPORT: PREPARING FOR THE LAST FLIGHT, A FOUR-ENGINED HERON—APPROPRIATELY PILOTED BY CAPTAIN GEOFFREY LAST—ON THE EVENING OF SEPTEMBER 30. LATER AN EFFIGY OF THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT WAS BURNED.



FINE FURNITURE AND WORKS OF ART, THE PROPERTY OF THE LATE QUEEN MARY, BEING AUCTIONED: THE SCENE AT CHRISTIE'S SALEROOM.

On October 1 and 2 a great many dealers attended the auction at Christie's of furniture and works of art from Marlborough House, the home of the late Queen Mary. Among the more valuable pieces sold were a Louis XV giltwood chaise-longue by L. Cresson and a fine Regency commode.



TRIMMING WHAT IS BELIEVED TO BE THE WORLD'S HIGHEST YEW HEDGE—AT CIRENCESTER PARK. IT WAS RECENTLY THREATENED BY MICE (OF ALL CREATURES), WHO WERE RING-BARKING SOME BRANCHES. THE APPROXIMATE HEIGHT IS 35 FT.



WATCHES WORTH BETWEEN £100,000 AND £200,000—PART OF THE WILSDORF COLLECTION IN GENEVA—NOW IN LONDON FOR THE "TIME THROUGH THE AGES" EXHIBITION. RIGHT, THE CURATOR, M. LOUIS COTTIER.



THE FIRST OF THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY'S NEW HALLS OF RESIDENCE: WEEKS HALL, SOUTH KENSINGTON, NAMED AFTER LORD WEEKS, A FORMER CHAIRMAN OF VICKERS, LTD. THE FIRM HAS GIVEN £150,000 OF THE COST.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

### RUBBISH IN THE FRUIT GARDEN.

By EDWARD HYAMS.

THE fruit gardens of Britain and, for all I know, of the world in general, are full of rubbish: apples, named or nameless,

which are barely fit to eat; pears which are gritty, or juiceless, or without savour; a score of plum varieties not even fit to be stewed. And this is a pity because it is no more difficult, and only a little more laborious, to grow the best kinds, and even if commercial growers are compelled by conservative markets and want of capital to go on growing the same variety year after year, the private gardener can easily replant, or, better still, make over his fruit trees to more interesting varieties. This is particularly so in the case of apples and pears, although I have

useful dwarfing stock in a small garden; but if you can get the variety on EM Type II, the fruit is smaller, more highly-coloured, and even crisper. I would place "Orleans Reinette" at its best above Cox at its best, for flavour; it has just that much more acid, that is, "briskness."

Better, at its very best, even than "Orleans Reinette," is "D'Arcy Spice." But this really is a difficult apple to bring to perfection. It needs the cool drought of southern East Anglia—Tolleshunt D'Arcy is its home. Perhaps, too, it may be very particular about soil. At all events, it is a fact that it rather rarely does its best out of Essex and it would be unwise to plant more than one until you are sure that you can give it the conditions it requires.

Aromatic apples for the warmer, damper west, however, are not to seek: happy the gardener who can grow "Cornish Aromatic" or "Cornish Gillyflower." In Cornwall it might even be possible to grow the dessert member of the "Calville" family. The "Calville Blanche" still sometimes offered by English nurserymen is a cooker, and a superb one, "Calville Blanche d'Hiver." (The dessert apple seems only to be known in France, Austria and Northern Italy.)

Apart from the aromatics, the only apples I would advocate planting where the number of varieties to be grown must be limited to a few, are the russets: the rather dry nuttiness of this group makes them very suitable as dessert in families still civilised enough to drink a glass of port, brown sherry, or Madeira, after dinner. I say "civilised" enough, rather than "rich" enough, since you can buy a great deal of wine for the price of one small television set. I have grown five or six kinds of russet apples, and it seems to me that the two best are "Egremont," provided you have good, strong teeth; and "Court Pendu Plat" if your teeth are not so strong or perhaps not your own; and for those who have no teeth at all, there is always the old English "Golden Russet," a soft and mealy fruit, but with the characteristic russet flavour. "Court Pendu Plat" is not easy to buy, but a few nurserymen still have it: it is a very flat apple, crisp, dry and nutty. "Egremont" is juicier, and at its best very hard. It comes too big on all dwarfing stocks, but you must put up with that unless you have room for a big tree.

As to pears, if you can grow them, "Doyenné du Comice" is as superior to all other varieties as Cox is supposed, but is not, superior to all other varieties of apples. This superlative variety is said to be difficult to crop, a biennial cropper, prone to scab, sulphur shy. I have not found it to be any of these things: our Comice trees crop readily, cross-fertilised by "Laxton's Superb," a very early pear not worth growing, and "Glou Morceau," an excellent late variety. Our Laxtons are being made over to better varieties. Early

pears are not worth garden space, if only because there are peaches, figs, nectarines and green-gages to be eaten still, in their season.

Of the lates, we have hope of "Passe Crassane," the pear of which I wrote some months ago, although a reader has written to tell me that it needs a far wetter climate than ours in East Kent. But in any case we have "Winter Nelis," always worth its space. There is one other which I would include after eight years' experience of its quality: the Australian pear, "Packham's Triumph." The trees grow slowly and steadily on our brick-earth, they crop heavily and with regularity, hang late, keep quite well, being at their best in late November and into December, whereas it is very difficult to keep Comice later than November. Packham's is a large, pear-shaped fruit, green until it is ripe, when it turns golden yellow. It is not very handsome, being rather lumpy, but it falls little short of Comice in flavour, is almost as juicy, and absolutely free from grittiness. Lawrence Cook, who introduced it from Australia, always insisted that the variety should be "double worked," that is, grafted not directly to its stock but with a piece of a more compatible variety intervening. The Australian authorities tell me that they do not regard this as necessary.

For those who have never done it or had it done, making over an old tree to a new variety is not difficult: you cut off the whole top of the old tree, leaving either just the trunk, or, better, five or six main branch stumps: the new variety is then cleft-grafted—most gardeners can arrange for a nurseryman to do it for them—to the old stumps, say two scions to a stump, but that



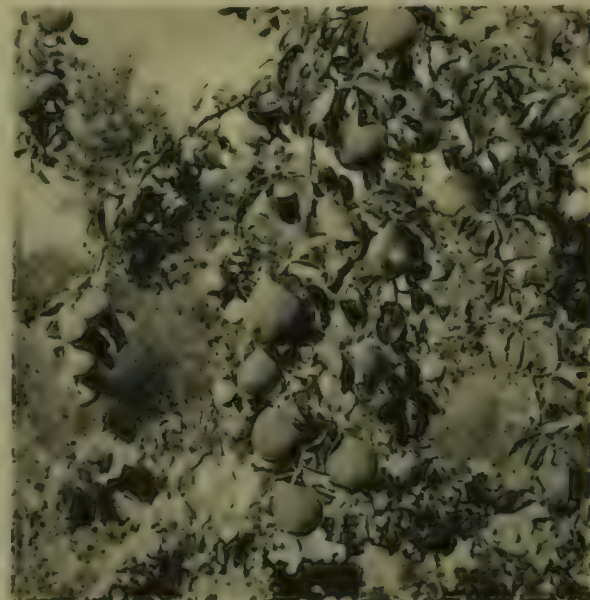
"I WOULD PLACE 'ORLEANS REINETTE' AT ITS BEST ABOVE COX AT ITS BEST." HERE THE VARIETY IS GROWING ON EM TYPE IX STOCK, BUT IT IS EVEN BETTER WHEN GROWN ON EM TYPE II.

twice succeeded in converting plum trees, a job made tricky by the tendency of all stone fruits to the physiological disorder known as "gumming."

It is commonly said and written that "Cox's Orange Pippin" is the "best apple in the world." It is a good apple; but it is not the best apple in the world for several reasons, the first being that there is no such thing as a universally superior apple, the second that Cox, like others, is good in some places and not so good in others, and the third, that no standard Cox exists, the fruit varying in size, colour, texture, endurance and flavour with stock and soil. It is probably true to say that Cox is the best apple which can profitably be grown on a large commercial scale, as a result of which it is, in fact, now grown in every apple-producing country in the world. And, with room for fifty varieties, it would be silly for me to reject it: I have a dozen or so Cox trees and very useful they are.

But if I had less room I am not sure that I would plant Cox, because it is the one really good apple one can always buy in a fruiterer's, whereas there are half a dozen admirable varieties either unobtainable or very scarce in shops. These, clearly, are the ones to grow; and now is the time, when you can taste their fruit and make up your mind which you like—by visiting a really good fruit nursery—to consider the matter.

"Orleans Reinette" is one of the aromatic apples, the only dessert apples worth growing in a small garden, and being, to ordinary apples, what muscat grapes are to sweet-water grapes. But when I grafted mine I made the mistake of putting it on EM Type IX stock, so that the apples are too big and inclined to be loose in texture. Unless you have a poor soil, you can not avoid this



THE NOBLEST OF ALL PEARS—"DOYENNE DU COMICE." Photographs by Douglas Weaver.

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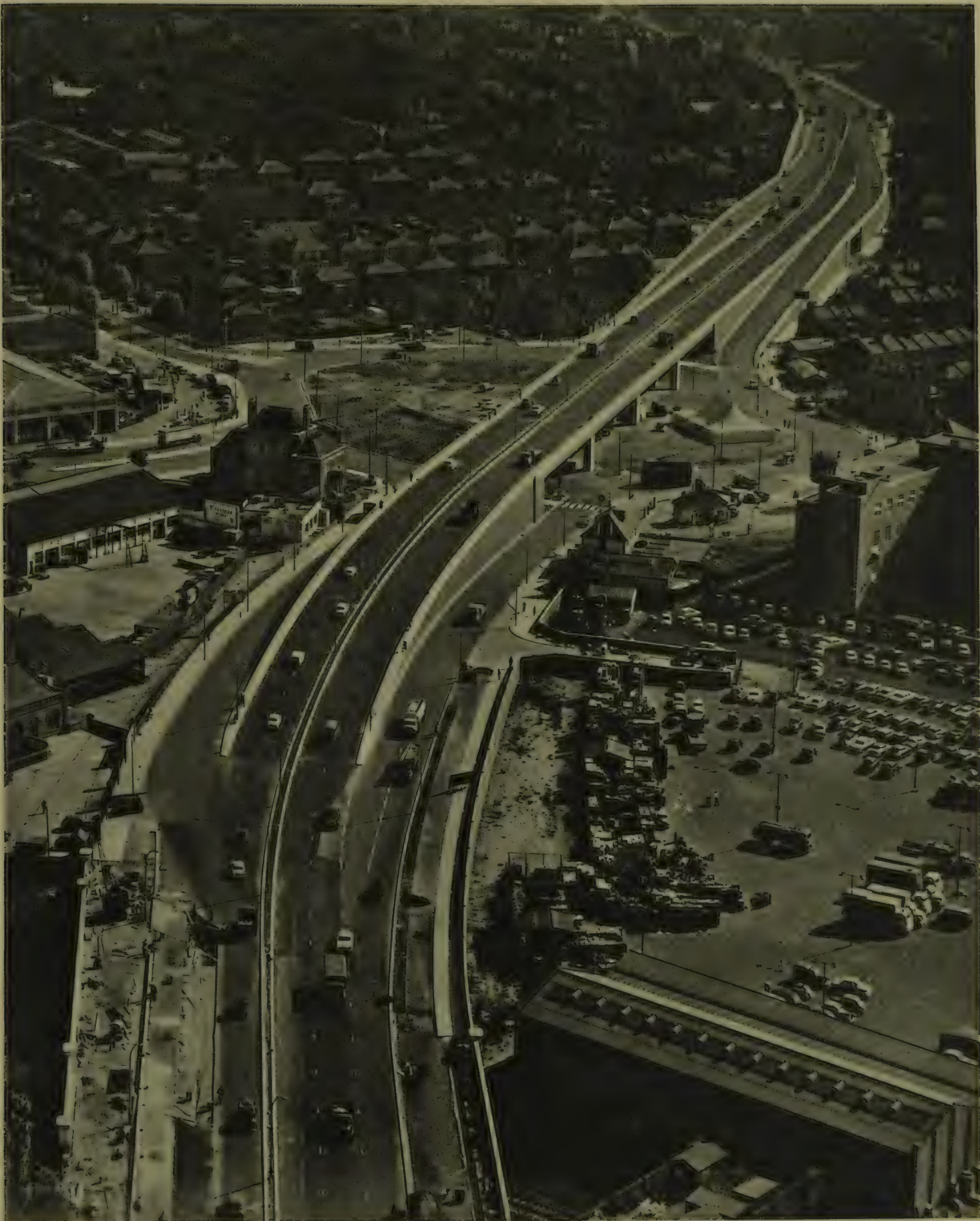
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depends on the size of the stump. Where the "take" is satisfactory, the tree will be bearing fruit of the new kind three years later, and after five years will have a new head indistinguishable in size and bearing capacity from the old one.

Kaffir lilies: Being reunited to my reference books, I am now able to say a little more about this delightful autumn flower. It belongs to the family Iridaceæ, genus *Schizostylis*. It is South African, and there are only two species, the garden one I saw and have acquired being *coccinea*. There are two colours, a bright red, almost crimson variety, and a pink one which is not so handsome, but both are worth growing. I am advised to break up the clumps in April and line out the small bulbs in little clumps of five or six, 9 ins. apart. And if your nurseryman does not know where to get them, he had better try writing to Mr. Cudd at Slapton Sands, or, rather, Slapton village, near Kingsbridge, in Devon.





THE NEW TWO-LEVEL HIGHWAY INTO LONDON: THE CHISWICK FLY-OVER WHICH WAS OPENED ON SEPTEMBER 30.

This aerial picture of the Chiswick fly-over shows the great sweep that links the Great West Road and the Cromwell Road extension. It was opened on September 30 by Miss Jayne Mansfield. The fly-over, which cost just over £900,000, is built of mass-concrete containing-walls with brick facings. It is the first major two-level highway to have been built in London since the war. The road coming in from the left to the roundabout is the Chiswick High Road which has been a bottleneck for years. Now it can be said to be relatively clear at the rush hours due to the construction of the fly-over.

Work was begun there in February 1957 and it was the last stage in the Cromwell Road extension which has cost £6 million. The main contractors for the fly-over on the opening day issued a statement in which they made certain criticisms of its design, of alleged obstructions by the Ministry of Transport and of the cost. The Ministry has made replies to these criticisms. There are also plans for dealing with the bottlenecks on the Great North Road by the use of fly-overs. The Minister, Mr. Harold Watkinson, was unable to perform the opening, and Miss Jayne Mansfield was invited instead.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### MANET CHEZ LUI.\*

THERE is a special fascination about drawings, however slight, by a fine painter, whether they were preliminary sketches for some canvas which afterwards became famous or were merely ideas roughed out on the spur of the moment and never used. In either case we see the painter experimenting; we come close to his ways of thought, to the very moment when what existed only in his imagination takes shape for the first time.

A casual look at this volume as it lies on a book-shop counter may dismiss it as yet one more picture-book devoted to 19th-century French painting. It is a great deal more than that. It reproduces with beautiful precision thirty-two water-colours and pastels by Manet—and, unlike oil paintings, both these media respond wonderfully well to modern printing techniques, in this case photolithography—and shows how these delicate studies were important to his work. Production is shared between Switzerland and Germany, and the text, translated by Robert Allen, is by Dr. Kurt Martin, of the Bavarian State Galleries in Munich.

How quickly, after a year or two, one begins to take even the greatest paintings for granted! Is any picture of the past hundred years better known than the "Bar of the Folies Bergère"? We have all grown up with it, so before doing more than flick over the pages of this book, I thought I would go to the Courtauld Institute Galleries in Bloomsbury to see whether it was really as fine as I remembered. It was even finer!—the lights, the reflections, the scene in the mirror, including the back of the barmaid, and the face of the customer, and dominating it all, the monumental figure of the girl herself, as serene and detached in those garish surroundings as if she were not just Hebe, the barmaid of Olympus, but Juno in person, majestically playing at charades. This was Manet's last great work, painted in 1881, two years before his death at the age of fifty-one; the version at the Courtauld Institute is the final one, as he was not satisfied with the first, which is on loan at the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam. And here in Plate 29 is the model Suzon, a pastel at Dijon, painted as she appeared on entering his studio for a sitting.

Naturally one turns from the Bar to the other famous Manet in the same collection, the "Dejeuner sur l'Herbe," that Venetian out-of-doors conversation piece translated into matter-of-fact 19th-century language. In this case—unlike that of the Bar—the Courtauld owns the version which failed to satisfy the painter: he did a much larger version with slight alterations, now in the Louvre. The water-colour here from the Bruno Cassirer collection at Oxford is Manet's first idea (1862) for the two paintings. And what a fuss there was! The final version was refused by the Salon of 1863, and Napoleon III called it indecent. Dr. Martin's note dryly reminds us that someone wrote at the time: "M. Manet has all the qualities needed to be rejected unanimously by every jury in the world"—and all this presumably because the two men in the painting are in modern clothes

while the girl has nothing on. Its most obvious ancestor in spirit is the delicious "Concert Champêtre," by Giorgione, in the Louvre, which Manet, of course, knew well, and which Charles I had bought in 1627 from the Gonzaga family at Mantua. But, in fact, Manet had taken the composition of the three figures straight from an engraving after a lost picture by Raphael, "The Judgment of Paris": and Raphael himself had borrowed the design from the relief on an antique sarcophagus. As for the Salon, it had thrown out a painting based upon the work of the one old master, Raphael, it most revered.

But there was a bigger row two years later over "Olympia"; again there was a spiritual ancestor from Venice—Titian's "Venus of Urbino," and again Manet shocked society by painting not a goddess but a nude and a cat and a black maid holding a bouquet. Manet considered it his masterpiece, and so have most of us during the past half-century, though perhaps there are still a few people to be found who quote with approval the judgment of two well-known Paris critics of 1865: "Crowds surrounded the decaying flesh of Monsieur Manet's 'Olympia.' When art reaches so low a level it is not

are the portraits, whether of his Dutch wife, or of the various pretty women who sat for him—notably the American-born Madame Jules Guillemet, who kept a fashion shop with her husband in the Faubourg St. Honoré. Several of them are reproduced and also several café scenes. But though one is inclined to think of Manet in terms of his feminine portraits, the four pastels of men illustrated in the book seem to me more revealing, perhaps because the painter's eye has not been seduced by feminine charms. There is the portrait of the self-taught musician, Emmanuel Chabrier, whose compositions are very nearly forgotten, but who is remembered particularly for two reasons: he conducted the chorus at the first performance in Paris of "Tristan and Isolde," and he was the owner of no fewer than eleven of Manet's paintings, among them the "Bar of the Folies Bergère." One portrait is of George Moore, red-bearded and wide-eyed, now in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. It dates from 1879, by which time he was well known to Manet, Degas and the Impressionists as well as to the literary people of the day.

The third is of special interest to *The Illustrated London News*, for it is a pastel of Constantin Guys, from a New York private collection: Guys' work for this paper before and during the Crimean War is a matter of history. This also was painted in 1879, when Guys was seventy-seven, and is a most sympathetic study of that rugged, independent individualist who lived to be ninety, was apparently always short of money and invariably cheerful. (I have just read about an examination candidate in Paris asked to write an essay on different types of careers: his contribution concerning those who devote their lives to the arts was this: "They can live in their dreams which are consolations to them when they are short of money.") Those of us who enjoyed the

most recent exhibition of Constantin Guys' drawings, arranged by the Marlborough Gallery last year, will smile wryly at the author's note: "Guys' drawings were much appreciated by his fellow-artists. Manet indeed seems to have collected them, for in 1899 his widow sold no fewer than sixty for 400 francs, probably their actual value at the time. Guys himself sold 300 for 200 francs." He wrote to the photographer, Nadar, this letter: "I have heaps of them at home. These sketches have no value, I know. If you would like two or three hundred I shall be happy to send you them." How many thoroughly bad painters, deservedly forgotten, have been equally modest?

Other major enchantments in this selection are the portrait of Berthe Morisot, who in due course married Manet's brother Eugène, that of his wife, the Dutch governess in the Manet family whom he first seduced and then married thirteen years later (they lived happily ever afterwards, thanks to her charm and good sense), and two *plein-air* water-colours, one of the harbour at Bordeaux (the basis for

an oil at Zurich), and a beautiful little scrap of the sea and three boats painted at Berck-sur-Mer on holiday in 1873.

\* "Edouard Manet—Water-Colours and Pastels." Edited by Kurt Martin. Illustrated in colour. (Faber and Faber; 45s.)



"PORTRAIT OF CONSTANTIN GUYS," BY MANET, 1879. GUYS (1802-1892) WAS EMPLOYED AS AN ARTIST BY THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS FOR MANY YEARS. HIS VAGRANT LIFE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE INCLUDED SERVICE UNDER LORD BYRON IN GREECE. (Pastel: 21½ by 13½ ins.)

worth condemning." Someone else talked of a "female gorilla" and of "an odalisque with a yellow stomach." The painting was withdrawn from the sale after her husband's death by Madame Manet and acquired for the nation in 1890 for what seems now the derisory sum of 19,415 francs (25 francs to the £ in those days, but still derisory). The Louvre at first refused to accept it and it hung in the Luxembourg till 1907, when Clemenceau had it transferred to the Louvre. To-day, of course, it hangs in the new gallery of the Jeu de Paume, and I see that the preliminary water-colour—the final composition, that is, for two other earlier drawings exist—is in London, in the Niarchos collection. Two exquisite little scraps, one a water-colour of irises, the other the decoration on a menu card, are from 1880, when very serious work was difficult owing to illness.

Not the least impressive among those pastels and water-colours—he seems to have derived equal pleasure from working in either medium—



"THE MODEL FOR THE GIRL IN 'BAR AUX FOLIES-BERGÈRE,'" CARRIED OUT IN 1881, TWO YEARS BEFORE MANET'S DEATH. HE HAS DEPICTED THE MODEL, SUZON, AS SHE APPEARED ON ENTERING HIS STUDIO FOR A SITTING. (Pastel on canvas: 34 by 26½ ins.)

These illustrations from the book "Edouard Manet—Water-Colours and Pastels," are reproduced by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Faber and Faber.



## IN MANCHESTER: A UNIQUE LOAN EXHIBITION OF ROMANESQUE ART.



"THE TREE OF JESSE," FROM A PAGE OF THE LAMBETH BIBLE, CANTERBURY, c. 1140-1160, SOMETIMES ASCRIBED TO ST. AUGUSTINE'S ABBEY. (Page size: 20½ by 12½ ins.)



"THE THREE WARRIORS FROM THE RESURRECTION," A FRAGMENT IN GILT BRONZE, GERMAN, MID-12TH-CENTURY: PROBABLY FROM THE MOUNT OF A CASKET OR BOX. (3½ ins. high.)



"ST. LUKE," A LEAF FROM A LATE 12TH-CENTURY MS. OF THE GOSPELS, FROM BAVARIA, WRITTEN AT THE ABBEY OF RANSHOFEN. (Page size: 12½ by 9 ins.)

THE first loan exhibition of Romanesque Art ever held in this country is now on view in the City Art Gallery, Manchester, and closes on November 1. The 121 objects cover the period from the mid-11th century to the beginning of the 13th, and lenders include a number of Oxford and Cambridge colleges, Lambeth Palace Library, Westminster Abbey, and a large number of museums and private individuals. The exhibition provides a wonderful opportunity to see in one place some of the finest English Romanesque manuscripts, including the Eadwine Psalter and the Bury, Dover, Lambeth and Winchester Bibles. England is a country rich in Romanesque art, and it must be remembered that it was in this period, immediately after the Norman Conquest, that some of England's grandest cathedrals were built: Canterbury and Winchester, Lincoln and Worcester, Durham and Chichester. It is not surprising that England is more fully represented than the Continent; nevertheless, the exhibition does include Mosan and Limoges enamels, German ivories and metalwork, French wood-carvings and Spanish textiles. Rather less than half the objects on view are manuscripts: the rest of the exhibition is devoted to leather book bindings, stone sculpture, wood carving, sculpture in bone and ivory, metalwork and textiles.

(Right.)

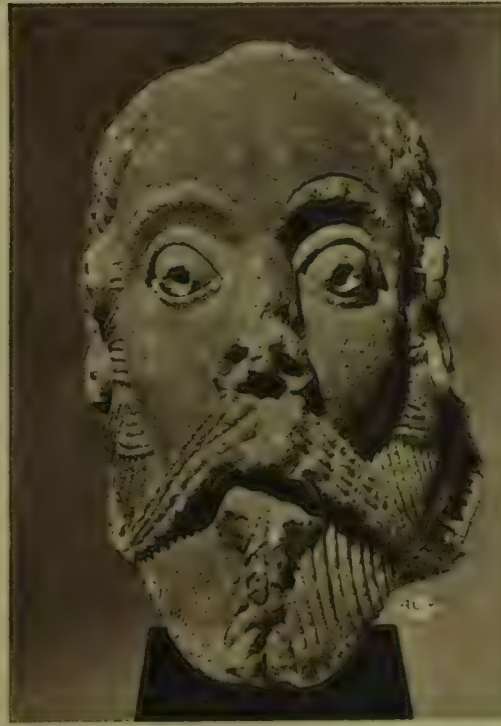
"CHRIST IN MAJESTY," ONE END OF A PORTABLE ALTAR, ENGLISH, c. 1140-1150, MADE OF WHALEBONE. IT CONSISTS OF FOUR PLAQUES NOW MOUNTED AS A CASKET. (3½ ins. high.)



AN EARLY 12TH-CENTURY STONE CORBEL FROM ST. MARY'S CHURCH, BEDFORD, WHICH HAS TRACES OF THE ORIGINAL PAINT; FOUND DURING RESTORATIONS. (13 ins. high.)



THE HEAD OF AN IVORY PASTORAL STAFF OF GROTESQUE BEAUTY, IN THE FORM OF A MONSTROUS SERPENT WITH THE LAMB OF GOD: SICILIAN OR SOUTH ITALIAN, c. 1200. (5½ ins. diameter.)



A STONE HEAD OF CHRIST, ENGLISH OR NORTH FRENCH, MID-12TH-CENTURY: BEARING COMPARISON WITH RELIEFS IN CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL. (6½ ins. high.)



**A Booke offishing** with Hooke & Line, and of all other instruments thereunto belonging. *By W. Hooke.*

*Another of Landre Engines and Tappets to take Fishes, Breams, Pikes, Mice and all other kinds of Vermine & Beasts whatsoever, most profitable for all Waters, and such as delight in the kind of sport and pastime.*

Printed by L. M.



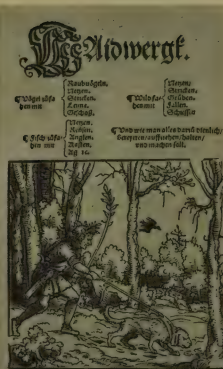
LONDON.  
Printed by John Wolfe, and are to be sold by Christian Thomas, at the Sign of the Ship, at the Sign of the Ship, at the Sign of the Ship.

SHOWING THE HOOK AND LINE AND ONE OF THE OTHER "SUNDRIE ENGINES AND TRAPPEES": THE TITLE PAGE OF A 1599 FISHING BOOK FOR AUCTION ON OCTOBER 20.



"GRAND STAND, ASCOT," BY J. F. HERRING (SEM), (1795-1865). DEPICTING GOLD CUP DAY OF 1839; IN THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT LEGGATT BROTHERS. (Oil on panel: 20 by 30 ins.) (Lent by the Hon. Rodney Berry.)

THE sporting scene in art is a popular theme in London this autumn, and the illustrations on this page, all of them loosely devoted to this theme, have been drawn from five different sources. These five are: a collection of Books on Angling, to be auctioned at Sotheby's, 34-35, New Bond Street, W.1, on October 20; the Tate Gallery, where one of Stubbs' finest canvases is now hanging; the Victoria and Albert Museum, where the re-opened Tapestry Gallery includes "The Boar and Bear Hunt," which has been newly washed and restored; an exhibition of English Sporting Pictures at Leggatt Brothers, 30, St. James's Street, S.W.1, until [Continued below, left.]



SHOWING A WOOD-CUT OF A HUNTSMAN: THE "WIDWEGG" TITLE PAGE, c. 1530. ALSO FOR AUCTION AT SOEBY'S, IT IS ONE OF THE EARLIEST GERMAN BOOKS ON HUNTING AND OTHER SPORTS.

## THE SPORTING SCENE—DEPICTED IN PAINTINGS, EARLY BOOKS AND A GREAT TAPESTRY: FROM COLLECTIONS, EXHIBITIONS AND A FORTHCOMING AUCTION IN LONDON.



"HUNT SCURRY—THE QUORN HUNT," BY JOHN FERNELEY (SEM), (1781-1860); SIGNED AND DATED 1825; FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION OF SPORTING PAINTINGS AT ACKERMANN'S, WHICH REMAINS OPEN UNTIL OCTOBER 31. (Oil on canvas: 24½ by 60½ ins.)



"MARES AND FOALS IN A LANDSCAPE," BY GEORGE STUBBS (1724-1806); ONE OF THE ARTIST'S MASTERPIECES RECENTLY BOUGHT BY THE TATE GALLERY FROM THE EARL OF MIDLETON. (Oil on canvas: 39 by 62½ ins.)



"HENRY, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE'S FAVOURITE HUNTER": ANOTHER MASTERLY CANVAS BY GEORGE STUBBS—AT ACKERMANN'S. (Oil on canvas: 44 by 64 ins.)



(Left)  
"CHARLES TRE-LAWNY, SITTING ASTRIDE A GREY HORSE," BY SIR FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A. (1810-1878); AT LEGGATT'S. (Oil on canvas: 24½ by 16 ins.)



(Right)  
"ANGLING SCENE," BY W. JONES (ACTIVE 1825-1867); AN ATTRACTIVE STUDY OF A SPORTING SCENE, AND ANOTHER OF THE WORKS IN THE EXHIBITION OF XVIIIth AND XIXth-CENTURY SPORTING PAINTINGS AT ACKERMANN'S. (Oil on canvas: 19½ by 24½ ins.)



"RALPH, JOHN LAMBTON ON HIS HUNTER 'UNDERTAKER'": BY JAMES WARD (1769-1859), AT LEGGATT'S. (Oil on canvas: 54 by 24 ins.) (Lent by His Grace the Duke of Northumberland.)



NOW OCCUPYING A WHOLE WALL IN THE RE-OPENED TAPESTRY GALLERY AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: ONE OF THE FOUR EARLY 15th-CENTURY DEVONSHIRE HUNTING TAPESTRIES, "THE BOAR AND BEAR HUNT," WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN CLEANED



SO THAT IT REVEALS ITS ORIGINAL SPLENDOR OF COLOURING. (12 ft. 7 ins. by 33 ft. 10 ins.)



"LEOPARDS," A BRILLIANT CANVAS BY GEORGE STUBBS, AT LEGGATT'S. (Oil on canvas: 39 by 49 ins.) (Lent by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Middleton, M.C.)

[Continued] October 23; and an exhibition of XVIIIth and XIXth-Century Sporting Pictures at Arthur Ackermann and Sons, 3, Old Bond Street, W.1, which closes on October 31. One artist in particular stands out in this miscellany: George Stubbs, three of whose masterly canvases are illustrated on this page. These three show the artist at his crowning best, and yet in three different moods: "Mares and Foals" is one of the many informal paintings he made of groups of horses, while with the painting of Viscount Bolingbroke's

hunter we are reminded that much of Stubbs' reputation in his day rested on the portraits he was commissioned to paint of various favourite horses. These pictures naturally tend to be more stylised, but their sheer artistry saves them from becoming repetitive and dull. The third painting, "Leopards," reveals the artist in a much more romantic vein. The two romping animals have a most uncouth, almost comic, air, and behind them is a landscape presumably inspired by North Africa. The Sotheby's

sale of Angling Books could scarcely be a greater contrast. The earliest is the late 15th-century second edition of a famous sporting treatise by Dame Juliana Berners, a lady who before retiring to a nunnery seems to have spent much of her time "hawkyng" and "fysshyng with an angle." Some of the illustrations in these books seem to indicate that "all stories" of legendary "catches" were as frequent 400 years ago as today. At the Victoria and Albert Museum one of the Devonshire Hunting Tapestries has been

restored and now graces one wall of the new Gallery of Mediaeval Tapestries. All the old richness and subtlety of colour has been restored to it. Furthermore, along with the other tapestries in the Gallery, it has no protective framing or glass, but hangs as it must have hung in mediaeval times. This is due to a new clean-air ventilation system, and to the construction of a solid roof in place of the previous glass one, so that the tapestries can be shown by an excellent combination of tungsten and fluorescent lighting.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### MORE ABOUT STOATS CHARMING BIRDS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SEVERAL weeks ago I discussed, on this page, the "charming" tactics of stoats and foxes. Two readers of that article wrote to me about this, their letters arriving by the same post, and the contributions made by these set me thinking and planning how the matter might be further investigated. Then the long arm of coincidence played a part, with informative as well as amusing results. Perhaps we could take the letters first.

Mrs. Greenough Townsend, of Windsor, wrote:

... I saw from a window of my home in Perthshire a stoat behaving as you describe. The stoat tumbled and rolled and ran in circles; it was almost a dance, in fact, a dance of death, for out of the bushes hopped first one inquisitive bird and then another, till suddenly the stoat made a dash, disappeared under a bush, and no doubt found its dinner there. Much as I longed to warn the birds of the probable consequences of their curiosity, I could not bring myself to interrupt the extraordinary scene, and I have never forgotten it... it was a most macabre spectacle.

The second letter, from Mr. J. Murray Thomson, of Edinburgh, suggests that something more than curiosity is involved, and it was this that set me thinking:

Many years ago I saw, when following a path alongside a wall in Angus, curious movements some distance in front of me at the corner of the field. The path was bounded by the wall on one side and a hedge on the other. Approaching cautiously, I saw a stoat behaving in a most extraordinary fashion, and on the ground near the hedge were about a dozen greenfinches and several more in the hedge. The stoat was squirming on the dry earth, turning somersaults, throwing itself backwards in the air and altogether making a wonderful exhibition. The finches seemed to be fascinated by it as several appeared to be quite dizzy. One in particular had its wings spread, tips on the ground, and looked positively intoxicated. Feeling sure the stoat would leap and kill, and my sympathy being with the bird, I ran forward with a shout, arms up-held, and the stoat ran to a hole at the base of the wall and disappeared. The finches rose, some with difficulty, to the safety of the hedge, but the stupefied one could not fly or even hop for a few seconds. Ultimately, it managed to get into the lower twigs and, moving upwards, joined the others. I have often regretted that I did not wait to see the end of the play, which I could easily have done, as stoat and birds were too occupied to be aware of my presence.

The second time I saw a somewhat similar occurrence was in the precincts of the Zoo Park, here in Edinburgh. On a Sunday morning my son and I had walked almost to the top of the hill when I noticed something unusual. We were on the tarmac track but between us and the high fence of the large llama enclosure there was longish grass and low furze bushes. On the wires of the fence were a number of sparrows just above several troughs inside the fence, but the excited birds were all facing our way. They were there undoubtedly to get morsels of the llamas' food that remained in or about the troughs, but they were no longer interested in that. The sparrows were chirping and moving up and down on the wires in a state of great excitement, and all were looking downwards towards the near side of the fence. Then I saw something reddish-brown in colour showing for a second and knew it was a stoat. We could get a glimpse of it only when it leapt or somersaulted, and we approached stealthily to get a better view when the Zoo bus trundled up the tarmac road, making such a noise that the frightened stoat disappeared into cover.

To the familiar story, with its obvious suggestion of curiosity or inquisitiveness, there is added another factor, an excitement even to the point of the birds appearing "quite dizzy" or "positively intoxicated." It is easy to see now why the earlier observers used the word "charming" in connection with the performance: I was particularly taken with Mr. Thomson's description of the finches with spread wings and wondered what this attitude might signify, so I wrote to him

asking if he could send me a sketch of the posture. Mr. Thomson is an artist, and artists are necessarily observant above the average and, as I know from experience, have a long memory for visual things. While awaiting a reply to my letter, however, another idea had occurred to me.

If only I had a tame stoat I could experiment, to find out whether the excitement took a particular form, or even whether the birds were infected with the stoat's own excitement. With a

electrically driven, there would be the necessity for winding it up, which would break the spell. And if electrically-driven there was the difficulty that most of my aviaries are so far from the nearest source of electric current that there would be severe obstacles to using it.

It was while these and other thoughts were filling my mind that, on the following day, my wife drew my attention to something happening in our garden, almost on our doorstep. We have two tame squirrels in a cage 12 ft. by 6 ft. and 10 ft. high. In this they play daily, and when they play on the ground, their antics are very similar to those described for the stoat. On the afternoon of this particular day, one of the squirrels was playing in this manner when a bantam cockerel free in the garden wandered over to watch. He stood with his beak against the wire of the squirrels' cage watching intently. In a very short time he was joined by a number of other birds, some of which had come over quite purposively, and in a straight line from as much as 50 yards away. In the end, there were, in addition to the cockerel, two bantam hens and nineteen half-grown bantams, a large White Leghorn, three black East Indian ducks, two mallard and two Muscovy ducks. They assembled in a straight line along the front of the cage, beaks to the wire, and for ten minutes watched intently the squirrel playing.

This was the most spectacular performance, for although there have been similar assemblies since, in none of these has the performance lasted as long or the number of birds watching it been so great. Taken together, they allow certain conclusions to be drawn. The first is that no

notice is taken of the squirrel unless a bird is within about 5 yards of the cage. Should one of them be near the cage, and is attracted to draw nearer to watch, then the attention of the others is caught, and they will come over from as much as 50 yards from the cage. Since the ground is level for some distance around the cage, we may suppose that a squirrel playing among the low herbage on the bottom of the cage will not be readily visible except at close quarters. When, however, one of the birds sees it, it draws near and concentrates its attention on the squirrel, the others, even at a distance, soon become aware of its curiosity and will come from quite long distances.

Unfortunately, none of these birds showed any emotion other than curiosity except the bantam cockerel, and this held itself all the time in a not very intensive aggressive attitude, with its neck feathers raised and head held straight forward, as in the preliminaries to a fight with another cockerel. This might, however, have been no more than the normal exhibitionism of the male in the presence of several females.

In due course came a reply from Mr. Murray Thomson, together with half a dozen excellent sketches, showing the

"intoxicated" greenfinch from several angles, and the further comment that it was "rather like a wounded bird unable to fly and just shuffling along close to the ground." The attitude depicted in these sketches, together with the further comment just quoted, suggests that the attitude was more that of a young bird begging food of its parents, the so-called supplicating attitude, but as it was not quite typical we are still left in a little doubt of the emotion called forth. The finch may have been a young one or a hen, for both could show this attitude of supplication. It may also be that the attitude is not completely typical of supplication because the bird had mixed feelings, anyway.



INNOCENT PLAY OR A DEVICE TO ALLURE INQUISITIVE BIRDS?—A STOAT INDULGING IN A FAVOURITE HABIT OF ROLLING, TUMBLING AND SOMERSAULTING. DR. BURTON CONTINUES HIS RESEARCHES ON THIS PAGE INTO THE UNUSUAL HABITS OF THESE AND OTHER ANIMALS.



PLAYING IN MUCH THE SAME WAY AS THE STOAT: A GREY SQUIRREL, WHICH IS ANOTHER ANIMAL THAT SEEMS TO ATTRACT FASCINATED SPECTATORS BY ITS CUNNING ANTICS. Photographs by Jane Burton.

tame stoat it would be possible to site its cage beside one of my aviaries, wait for the stoat to play, as it inevitably would as soon as it was accustomed to its new surroundings, and then watch events. It would be possible also to move the stoat from one aviary to another, and so observe the reactions of a whole series of different birds. We had a tame stoat that died a natural death about two years ago, and I found myself once more regretting we had lost this delightful pet, but now the regret was for a different reason. I began also to consider whether or no it might not be possible to obtain a mechanical toy that would carry out similar evolutions. I had a vague idea that such toys were sold in the form of furred animals. Even then, unless it were



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**A WELL-KNOWN PAINTER: THE LATE SIR MATTHEW SMITH.** Sir Matthew Smith, who died in London on September 29 at the age of seventy-nine, was a distinguished painter of still-life, landscape and flower pieces, outstanding for their rich colour and vigorous brushwork. A large retrospective exhibition of his work was held in 1953 at the Tate Gallery.



**A FAMOUS GERMAN RACING DRIVER: THE LATE HERR RUDOLPH CARACCIOLA.** Herr Rudolf Caracciola, who died in Kassel, West Germany, on September 28 aged fifty-eight, was one of the world's most famous racing drivers between the wars. He won the German Grand Prix six times as well as winning every important Grand Prix in Europe.



**FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC: THE LATE SIGNOR E. DE NICOLA.** Signor Enrico de Nicola, who was elected first President of the Italian Republic in June 1946, died on October 1 aged eighty-two. One of the most respected of Italy's public figures, Signor de Nicola played a leading part in the political life of the country in the troubled post-war years.



**AN OUTSTANDING OARSMAN: THE LATE MR. JULIUS BERESFORD.** Mr. Julius Beresford, who died on September 29, aged ninety-one, was one of the best-known oarsmen of his time. Known to many generations of oarsmen as "Berry" he made his first appearance in a long and successful career at the Henley Regatta in 1896 when he rowed for the Kensington Rowing Club.



**AN ARTIST AND MUSICIAN: THE LATE MR. GERARD HOFFNUNG.** Mr. Gerard Hoffnung, who was well known not only for his delightful drawings but also for his musical work, died suddenly in London, aged thirty-four, on September 28. His comic concerts drew packed audiences. His versatility extended from his ability to create laughter to his prison visiting and his religion.



**WINNERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE ROYAL LIVERPOOL, HOYLAKES: THE SMILING ENGLISH TEAM WHO RETAINED THE TRIPLE CROWN.** In the team which defeated Scotland, Ireland and Wales were (standing, l. to r.): Miss T. Ross-Steen; Miss B. Jackson; Mrs. A. Bonallack; Miss M. Nichol; and (l. to r.): Mrs. M. Spearman; Miss Ruth Porter; Mrs. M. Garrett; Miss E. Price; and Mrs. F. Smith.



**A ROYAL GOLFER PLAYING WITH THE BRITISH RYDER CUP CAPTAIN: KING BAUDOUIN OF THE BELGIANS (SECOND FROM LEFT) WITH HIS PARTNER, MR. DAI REES (LEFT).** King Baudouin of the Belgians, who is a keen amateur golfer, played with Mr. Dai Rees, the British Ryder Cup Captain, in the Gleneagles Amateur-Professional tournament on September 30. They were beaten two and one.



**AN AERONAUTICAL ENGINEER: THE LATE MR. H. E. BROADSMITH.** Mr. Harry Edgar Broadsmith, who died in the Isle of Wight on September 25, aged sixty-nine, played a leading part in the development of aeronautical engineering both in England and in Australia, and was one of the original directors of Saunders-Roe Ltd. He did much work on mono-plane amphibious flying-boats.



**ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE RED CROSS SOCIETIES.** Mr. J. McCauley, Q.C., a well-known Canadian barrister from Winnipeg, was elected President of the Red Cross Societies in Athens on September 28 at the Red Cross Congress. He received nearly two-thirds of the votes and he succeeds Mr. E. Sandstrom, a Swede. He has worked nearly twenty years for the Red Cross.



**A "REMARKABLE ESCAPE": MR. J. W. C. SQUIER.** Mr. J. W. C. Squier, thirty-nine, the chief production pilot for English Electric, made a remarkable escape by ejector seat when piloting a P.I Lightning supersonic jet fighter over the Irish Sea on October 1. He was 30 hours in a dinghy before he got ashore on the West Coast of Scotland, where he was found upon examination to have suffered no serious injury.



**TO RETIRE: DR. LESLIE WEATHERHEAD, MINISTER OF THE CITY TEMPLE.** Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, who has been Minister of the City Temple since 1936, and who is a former President of the Methodist Conference, has announced his decision to retire within the next year. He stated that a younger and fresher minister should "carry the burden of leadership."



**THE CREATOR OF "OLD BILL": THE LATE CAPT. B. BAIRNSFATHER.** Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, who died on September 29 aged seventy-one, was well known for his drawings of the ordinary soldier's life in the trenches during the First World War, in which "Old Bill," a comic type, figured prominently. In World War Two, from 1942 to 1944 he was an official U.S. Army cartoonist.



## FROM AN UNVEILING TO A NEW BUILDING FOR OXFORD STREET: SOME HOME ITEMS.



TO COMMEMORATE THE BATTLE IN 1779, OFF FLAMBOROUGH HEAD, BETWEEN BRITISH WARSHIPS AND JOHN PAUL JONES'S SQUADRON: A TOPOSCOPE RECENTLY ERECTED. To mark the encounter during the American War of Independence between British warships and a squadron commanded by John Paul Jones, the "father of the U.S. Navy," this toposcope was recently unveiled by the U.S. Naval Attaché on Flamborough Head.



THE SEA'S RICH AND VARIED HARVEST: MR. H. FORRESTOR, WHO ARRANGED THE DISPLAY, POINTING OUT DELICACIES TO VISITORS TO THE BILLINGSGATE HARVEST FESTIVAL. A SERVICE FOR THE BLESSING OF THE FISH WAS HELD IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY AT HILL ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 4.



MAKING HIS LAST BOW AS MR. DOOLITTLE IN "MY FAIR LADY": MR. STANLEY HOLLOWAY, WHO APPEARED IN THE ORIGINAL BROADWAY PRODUCTION. Mr. Stanley Holloway, seen taking his last bow on the stage at Drury Lane, has played Mr. Doolittle in "My Fair Lady" for three-and-a-half years, two of which were spent in the United States. Also leaving the show is Mr. Robert Coote, who played Colonel Pickering.



THE RESTORATION OF BRICKWORK OVER 400 YEARS OLD: THE SHREWSBURY TOWER GATEWAY IN ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, UNDERGOING REPAIRS.

Together with the current expansion of the University, restoration of the older buildings of the Cambridge colleges is being carried out. The second court of St. John's College, seen above, contains some of the finest 15th-century brickwork in England.



UNUSUAL—BUT VERY VALUABLE—"WASHING": BLUEPRINTS, SALVAGED FROM THE FIRE AT A. V. ROE'S AIRCRAFT FACTORY NEAR MANCHESTER, HANGING OUT TO DRY.

The large fire which destroyed part of the A. V. Roe aircraft factory at Chadderton, near Manchester, on October 3, will not affect production of the long-range *Mark II Vulcan* bomber and the *Avro 748* airliner. Although many blueprints were damaged, master drawings were saved.



A MODEL OF THE BARRETT STREET TECHNICAL COLLEGE WHICH IS TO BE BUILT BY THE L.C.C. IN THE OXFORD STREET SHOPPING CENTRE NEAR HOLLES STREET.

Seen in this picture discussing the model are (l. to r.): Mr. Michael Powell, L.C.C. Schools Architect; Sir Isaac Hayward, Chairman of the L.C.C.; and Miss Gwen Hiscocks, Principal of Barrett Street Technical College. The College will cost £590,000.





ESCORTED BY HER HOST, KING PHUMIPOL OF SIAM, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA ADMIRING THE FANTASTIC SCULPTURES OF THE TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD BUDDHA

## BUDDHIST TEMPLES AND THE RIVER KWAI: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S VISIT TO SIAM.



THE PRINCESS ON A BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER KWAI WHICH SHE WAS TAKEN TO INSPECT. THE INFAMOUS "DEATH RAILWAY," WHICH WAS BUILT BY COMMONWEALTH PRISONERS OF WAR, RUNS OVER IT.



A THAI GIRL LAYING THE TABLE ON HER KNEES BEFORE THE PRINCESS: A MOMENT DURING HER FIVE-DAY VISIT TO SIAM.



THE PRINCESS WITH BRIGADIER PERRY, CHAIRMAN OF THE IMPERIAL WAR GRAVES COMMISSION, INSPECTING GRAVES AT KACHANABURI. 3000 COMMONWEALTH TROOPS ARE BURIED THERE.

**PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT** arrived in Bangkok on September 27 for her five-day visit to King Phumipol Aduldet and Queen Sirikit of Siam. She was driven immediately to meet her hosts in the Chitlada Palace and then she went to the palace which was set apart for her and her party. The next day she was taken sight-seeing in Bangkok by the King and Queen of Siam, who showed her the Grand Palace and the Chapel Royal of the Emerald Buddha. On September 29 she visited the war graves of British and Commonwealth soldiers and she also saw a bridge over the now famous River Kwai. Many of those buried there had worked on the "death railway." A Royal command performance of Siamese classical dancing which she attended was shown at the Ministry of Culture. One of the most colourful moments of her visit was on October 1 when the golden State barge of Siam, with its rowers in their ancient costumes, appeared in her honour on the Chao Praya River. She continued to sightsee until she left Bangkok for her visit to Cambodia, where she arrived on October 2.



A HAPPY PICTURE OF PRINCESS ALEXANDRA WITH HER HOSTS AFTER LUNCHEON AT THE CHITLADA PALACE ON SEPTEMBER 28. ON THE SOFA SEATED BETWEEN KING PHUMIPOL ADULDET AND QUEEN SIRIKIT OF SIAM IS THEIR DAUGHTER, PRINCESS UBOLRATANA.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## STRICTLY PERSONAL

By J. C. TREWIN.

YOU will remember that, when Alice handed a slice of plum pudding to the Red Queen, the Pudding (now in need of a capital letter) exclaimed: "What impertinence! I wonder how you'd like it, if I were to cut a slice out of you, you creature!" Sometimes, in writing about a revue, I feel nervously that a Pudding-voice will utter a suety growl. After



"A SUSTAINED GUST OF ZANY HUMOUR": KENNETH WILLIAMS AND FENELLA FIELDING IN THE NUMBER, "IF ONLY," FROM PETER COOK'S BRIGHT NEW REVUE, "PIECES OF EIGHT," WHICH OPENED AT THE APOLLO THEATRE ON SEPTEMBER 23.

all, one can very seldom discuss these productions as a whole: the critic cuts a slice here and there, and that is that.

There is reason enough because very few revues have any coherent plan, or what used to be called "total gesture." One selects from a medley the best remembered scenes or personages. And if it is a day or so after the premiere, one may very well look at the programme and ask what the titles mean. Little can be less informative than faded revue programmes. I have been turning over some of the old ones; now and then a name springs to memory, but as a rule one is reminded of the title-lists that used to be bound in at the back of old novels.

However, "Pieces of Eight" has just opened at the Apollo, and I am able to pin down most of its scenes. Further, this is a revue bound together by two people uncommonly well matched: Peter Cook, the librettist, and Kenneth Williams, the comedian. Clearly, in the theatre they were made for each other. Other people have contributed to the revue—there are two excellent songs by Sandy Wilson, and Mr. Williams glorifies a sketch by a young dramatist, Harold Pinter—but the important work is Peter Cook's: he has written some dozen sketches, and all have a sense of humour highly personal to the author, and interpreted with delight by Kenneth Williams (as a rule) and one or two others.

This humour is not for everybody. I enjoy it myself, but that does not say that the playgoer in front or behind will applaud Mr. Cook's nonsense. He is the sort of writer that hunts for haddocks' eyes among the heather bright, or goes to sea in a sieve, or else travels in a railway compartment with the gentleman in white paper, the goat, the beetle, the horse, or the gnat. Mr. Cook is not invariably successful, but whether he is writing about gnomes, or the viper that wasn't an asp, or the candid salesman, or the man who might have done so much if he had had "more flesh," or the highly insular gourmet, or the spies in a huddle, or—my favourite—the majestic Onu Beeby Frisky, one

knows that he is following a tradition, that he is writing nonsense for its own happy sake. His sketches have the usual clinching lines, but I cannot say that I noticed these any more than I notice another writer's "Now must I from the smoke into the smother. . . ." The scenes end because they have to end sooner or later, but several of them, without wringing any complaint from me, could run on cheerfully and indefinitely.

I do realise that Mr. Cook's humour may leave some others grim and bored. But it is hard to argue about a sense of humour. I sit glum at the Crazy Gang, but I am aware that, all round me, people sob helplessly in the aisles. Let me say simply that "Pieces of Eight" is a sustained gust of zany humour; if occasionally the wind slackens, for most of the night it blows freshly. Kenneth Williams is just the companion we need. Now he has a confidential volubility. Now he is fiercely authoritative, a man of the world, dammit. Now he is just a happily moon-struck eccentric. He would be my first choice for the Pudding. Nobody could exclaim, "What impertinence!" with more vigour. There my sympathies would be with Alice, able only to look on and gasp. "Make a remark!" said the Red Queen. "It's ridiculous to leave all the conversation to the pudding!" Maybe; but in "Pieces of Eight" I am perfectly prepared to leave the conversation to Mr. Williams, who is ready for anything, whether he uses the tones of the Foreign Office or the Old Kent Road. Vocally, he can move from a kind of gravelly bark, through a precise drawl, to a throttled snuffle.

Besides Mr. Williams, we have such pleasant people as Fenella Fielding, who sings Sandy Wilson's "Outdoor Girl," and Peter Reeves, who disposes of one form of television entertainment in a single bite (monologue by Mr. Cook). Incidentally, how many people in the theatre are called Peter? The point, if I recall, was made by the librettist of another revue—Arthur Maçrae, I think—who added to the list the name of Peter Out. That is unlikely to be Mr. Cook's fate; he is very young, and if he goes on laughing in this way, I hope to hear much more of it. Paddy Stone has directed the cast at tireless speed, and this brings me to the last number in the first half of the programme, the rattle and flash of something called "Onu Beeby Frisky" (lyrics by Mr. Cook; music by Laurie Johnson). What it is about defeats me, and it certainly defeated various sad neighbours; but I have only to say "Onu Beeby Frisky" now to melt into laughter. What is the secret of the laughter? What is the riddle of the Sphinx?

If there was one kind of treasure to be picked up in Shaftesbury Avenue, there was certainly

gold at the Hampstead Theatre Club. This new adventure, in the Moreland Hall beside the Everyman Cinema, has begun its life with "King's Daughter," translated by Emyr Humphrys from the Welsh of Saunders Lewis. Here again much depends on the individual response. The feeling for historical drama is as personal to a playgoer as a sense of humour. Once more I am lucky, for I hold that good historical drama (leagues removed from Wardour Street) is something, when found, to applaud and to cherish. "King's Daughter" may be slow in exposition; but once it is away it is as exciting to watch as (I fancy) it is difficult to act, though Sian Phillips, Robert Marsden, Gary Watson and Valerie Sarruf give no sign of that.

They appear as, respectively, Princess Siwan (Joan in English), daughter of King John, and the wife of Llywelyn the Great, ruler of North Wales; Llywelyn himself; the Princess's lover, and her maid. Established closely upon fact, a stern tale is transformed by the grace of its telling; there is much for the ear, as well as for the eye of imagination, and I am unlikely to forget Sian Phillips's dignified command and Mr. Marsden's vocal subtlety. James Roose Evans (whose partner in this enterprise is William Ingram) has used his small stage with art.

I return to my beginning. If the Pudding's remark to Alice came pat, it was because I had



THE COMPLETE CAST OF THE REVUE, "PIECES OF EIGHT," INTRODUCING THEMSELVES IN THE OPENING NUMBER, "REVIVAL OF SPIRITS." THE "PIECES OF EIGHT" ARE: KENNETH WILLIAMS AND FENELLA FIELDING (BACK); AND, LEFT TO RIGHT, MYRA DE GROOT, TERENCE THEOBALD, VALERIE WALSH, PETER BRETT, JOSEPHINE BLAKE AND PETER REEVES.

just been listening to "Through the Looking Glass" in the expert recording directed by Douglas Cleverdon.\* I reviewed "Alice in Wonderland" last year, and I need say merely that its successor—Jane Asher again as Alice, and Margaretta Scott as the Story Teller—is as true to Carroll as the most demanding of us could wish, and with Carroll I am perpetually demanding. Here, believe me, is jam to-day as well as to-morrow.

\* Argo Record Company, RG 180/181, 39s. 9d.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MY FRIEND ROLLO" (Oxford Playhouse).—Comedy by Marcel Achard, translated by Felicity Douglas. (October 5.)

"ONE MORE RIVER" (Duke of York's).—Paul Rogers and Robert Shaw in a play by Beverley Cross. (October 6.)



## UNUSUAL PHOTOGRAPHS—NO. 9: FACES IN THE GARDEN.



"BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY": A FASCINATING BED OF PANSIES.

There is in this bed of fancy pansies, something strongly suggesting a crowd of schoolchildren all talking their heads off and none of them listening to what the others are saying. The brilliant sunshine of a Vancouver, British Columbia, summer in which they grew to this splendour also gives it the appearance of the end of school. Here the traditional meaning of the word

"pansy" as "thoughts" has definitely been changed into "talks." Perhaps the gardener has followed the rose's advice to Alice in "Through the Looking-Glass" by not giving them soft beds which send them to sleep. All these flowers also have the childish trick of cramming their heads together, each trying to have the most important place in the photograph.



FOR an Oxford undergraduate in the late 'twenties, the late Lord Cherwell (or Professor F. A. Lindemann as he then was—"the Prof" as he was so affectionately nicknamed) appeared at first sight a little daunting. His outward appearance was a trifle cold and forbidding. We knew, of course, of the famous story of how, as a young scientist, he had solved the question, in the first war, of getting aircraft out of a spin by taking flying lessons himself and trying out his aerodynamic theories by actual, if dangerous, proof. We knew that he was one of the great scientific brains of the time. We admired the fact that he was so unlike any other don. His rooms in Meadow Buildings were the resort of the great from the outer world to which his large car, standing at the Meadows entrance (was it a Bentley? Memory is elusive on this point), would swiftly transport him. Later, one learnt something of that charm and attraction of this apparently withdrawn character, which has led his younger friend, Sir Roy Harrod, to write a personal memoir of him under the title of *THE PROF*.

It was sound of Sir Roy to call it a personal memoir and also to draw attention to the fact that he wrote it without papers or documents. For this is a highly subjective, if admirable, book in which there is as much of Sir Roy's own character, feelings, ambitions and emotions as there is of those of the Prof. Nevertheless, it will form a most valuable volume to be read in conjunction with the official life now being written by Lord Birkenhead, whose father, until his untimely death, was one of Professor Lindemann's greatest friends.

This is a book full of good things. There are the splendid donnish intrigues in which Lord Cherwell took part and which would have delighted Trollope. There are the other, more serious, battles of a scientific nature in which the Prof indulged as Sir Winston Churchill's leading scientific adviser during the war.

Perhaps the Prof's greatest genius was his capacity for making, inspiring, and keeping friends much younger than himself. This, in a brilliant man (and he was a man of all-round brilliance), is of no small value to the world in which such a one lives, particularly if that world is an undergraduate one. He was, as Sir Roy says:

a thinking reed, in the fullest sense an intellectual. But intellectuality was by no means the sum total of his peculiarity. He was a man of passion also. Encased, reserved, moving in a studied routine, heavily armoured against all encroachments, ensuring comfort, valeted, cosseted, quiet in his manners except when especially provoked, avoiding the possibility of predicaments and carefully prepared for dealing with those that might within a narrow range arise, avoiding contacts not previously sponsored, and, he hoped, guaranteed, by the Christ Church Common Room, the Clarendon Laboratory, Churchill, or rich hostesses, a bachelor, seeing him thus, one might be tempted to prefix to "intellectual" the word "bloodless." Not in the least degree. He was a person in whom the emotions normal to mankind seemed to be raised to a higher intensity. Devoted in friendship, fierce in enmity, revengeful in thought, sensitive, angry, scornful, courageous, resolute, obstinate, abounding in humour, he was all this to an extent not commonly to be met with.

Sir Roy was a very young don when he first came under the influence of the Prof. Those of us who knew the subject of his memoirs, however slightly, will be grateful to him for that final summing-up of the Prof.

Although I was privileged to know the Prof, of the three great actresses who graced and were pre-eminent on the Victorian and Edwardian stage—Eleonora Duse, Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Patrick Campbell—I only met the last-named in her old age and never saw one of them play. It is difficult, therefore, for one who has never seen these great actresses "raining influence" to appreciate the full greatness of their art. Nor, as Ivor Brown points out in his foreword to *ELEONORA DUSE*, a beautifully-produced book of photographs by Olga Signorelli, the Duse's secretary and friend, is the camera an implement which can be put under a spell. The photographs in this book and the text are, therefore, for someone of my generation, a curiosity rather than an evocation of the greatness of one of the greatest actresses who can ever have lived. Nevertheless, for all lovers of the stage, this history of the Edwardians and Victorians—seen in the person of the Duse—is highly satisfying, and Ivor Brown's typically knowledgeable and sensitive foreword will provide some mitigation of the horrors of the costumes of the period displayed. (For example, that of Duse as Cleopatra—enveloped apparently in bejewelled swaddling clothes.)

A book I found touching is another memoir, this time an autobiography, *AND THE BRIDGE IS LOVE*, by Alma Mahler Werfel. I approached it with a certain amount of foreboding. The Austro-German refugee community on both sides of the

## A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

Atlantic, after Hitler came into power, has not always shown the gratitude towards their hosts which they might expect.

Alma Mahler Werfel was the daughter of Emil Schindler, the well-known painter at the Austro-Hungarian court. When she was young she was described as "the most beautiful girl in Vienna." Her book takes its title from a quotation in Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and is a pleasing description of life in Vienna in the closing days of the Hapsburg monarchy; a life brilliant not merely with uniforms, but with a bubbling intellectual ferment. This beautiful woman was also a clever woman (alas! how seldom the two go together!) and

year, that giant, only 1000 ft. lower than Everest, was successfully climbed by the author and by Surgeon-Lieut. Patey, R.N.

This book is, from a literary point of view, not likely to cause the laurels of Whympers and Irving, Lunn and Young to wither, but it is a fine story nevertheless, finely illustrated with magnificent photographs, and with a most interesting appendix dealing with the diet of the expedition, plus an analysis of their stores. I must confess that for myself I should never have put "blancmange powder" under the heading of "luxury food"!

This week's batch of novels is a good one. I must give pride of place to Geoffrey Jenkins's *A TWIST OF SAND*. This is one of the most exciting novels I have read for a long time. It is the story of an ace submarine commander who, in the last war, is sent out to try and destroy a 3000-ton German nuclear submarine which he finally tracks down on the "Skeleton Coast" of West Africa. It is imperative that no survivor should return to civilisation and justify the builders of this giant vessel in the eyes of U-boat Command. If such a survivor had escaped, then the war might well have been lost, as the sceptics would have been overcome and the Germans would have had an almost unbeatable submarine.

Romain Gary has written (incredibly, as I am told, in English) a curious novel in *LADY L*. This is the story of one of the great ladies of British Society looking back on her life and talking to an old friend, the Poet Laureate. It describes how Lady L. in her youth was by no means a *grande dame*. On the contrary, she was a *petite fille*, and started her early life looking after the animal appetites of the smart gentlemen of Paris, but in one of its most sordid quarters. A trifle improbably, while she is working her way up through the higher ranks of presumably Edwardian Society, she is at the same time working for her anarchist lover and helping him plan to assassinate princes and presidents.

I find what I call (to annoy my older children) the "dead-beat" generation, entirely baffling. They dress appallingly, have revolting "hair-dos" (male and female), and leave a great deal aesthetically to be desired. Their manners are non-existent, and they are, in many cases, downright dirty. I, therefore, view with distaste books about maladjusted young men and women, juvenile delinquents *et hoc genus omne*.

I therefore found it a disagreeable, if compelling, experience to read *THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER*, by Alan Sillitoe. The story from which the book takes its title is that of a Borstal boy who gets impatient with a society which views with disfavour his youthful exploits in breaking into bakeries, rifling the till, and other efforts which, no doubt, win him a place of esteem in our modern Teddy boy society.

I said, however, that the book was compelling, and so it is. The fact that Mr. Sillitoe is arguing from the particular to the general and gives the impression that *all* working-class boys are cretinous, amoral, thieving morons, does not detract from the interest of this and the other similar short stories in the book.

Two novels, one set in France and one emanating from France, must draw this week's column to an end. The first, *NO NAME IN THE STREET*, by Gillian Tindall, is a pleasantly enough told story of the *déracinés* Bohemians of the Quartier Latin. (Why is it that the same type of persons as Mr. Sillitoe's hero, when translated across the Channel and put on the Left Bank, become so much more interesting?) The other, *SAY I'M IN CONFERENCE*, by Nicole de Buron, is a charming tale, translated from the French, of a young lady who wishes to escape from the drudgery of being a shorthand-typist and one day be able to become managing-director of a popular magazine, the *Lingerie de Paris*. Thus she is able to use the phrase from which the book takes its title. It is deliciously told and I am not in the least surprised that it won the Prix Courteline.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

IT looks as if my old friend Paul Keres is near the end of his eleven-year quest for a crack at the world championship, for he has a comfortable lead in the "Candidates' Tournament" in progress in Yugoslavia as I write, the winner of which will meet Botvinnik in a title match next year.

Nerves count for so much towards the end of a contest like this, however, that prophecy is uncertain. He is engaged with Tal, Smyslov and Petrosian (U.S.S.R.), Fischer (U.S.A.), Olafsson (Iceland), Benko (Hungarian refugee) and Gligoric (Yugoslavia) in a double-round event of such calibre that at any stage of any game a momentary relaxing of concentration or a move not quite the best, might lose, with sickening inevitability, a one-point lead patiently built up through a fortnight of inspiration—and perspiration.

The most remarkable feature of this event is that, in spite of Russian domination in chess which it was feared not so long ago might become virtually complete, as many non-Russians as Russians qualified for it. We are still staggered by the result of the "Interzonal" tournament at Portorozh, where Bronstein, Averbakh, Pachman, Filip and Szabo were knocked out of the lists by Benko, Fischer and Olafsson. Eight official "Grand Masters" tailed away behind three who had not yet attained to that rank (but, by this feat, did so).

The Russians will undoubtedly "come back," but we shall never suffer from quite that same old feeling of inevitability again.

Keres started with a loss to young Bobby Fischer. He gave up queen for rook and knight; the sacrifice looked good for about three moves, but after that, merely pathetic. From then on, however, Keres steadily forged ahead, whereas Fischer made hard going; and in the return encounter, round eleven...

### CARO—KANN.

| FISCHER     | KERES      | FISCHER        | KERES   |
|-------------|------------|----------------|---------|
| White       | Black      | White          | Black   |
| 1. P-K4     | P-QB3      | 16. P×P        | B×P     |
| 2. N-QB3    | P-Q4       | 17. Q-K2       | P-K4    |
| 3. N-B3     | B-N5       | 18. P-KB4      | KR-QB1  |
| 4. P-KR3    | B×N        | 19. P-R4       | R-B3    |
| 5. Q×B      | N-B3       | 20. B-R3       | Q-B2    |
| 6. P-Q3     | P-K3       | 21. P×P        | N(Q2)×P |
| 7. P-KN3    | B-N5       | 22. B-B4       | B-Q3    |
| 8. B-Q2     | P-Q5       | 23. P-R5       | R-R4    |
| 9. N-N1     | Q-N3       | 24. P-R6       | N-N3    |
| 10. P-N3    | P-QR4      | 25. Q-B3       | R-KR4   |
| 11. P-R3    | B-K2       | 26. B-N4       | N(N3)×B |
| 12. B-N2    | P-R5       | 27. B×R        | N(B5)×B |
| 13. P-QN4   | QN-Q2      | 28. P-N4       | B-R7ch  |
| 14. Castles | P-B4       | 29. K-N2       | N×NP    |
| 15. R-R2    | Castles(K) | 30. N-Q2       | N-K6ch  |
|             |            | White resigned |         |

married in turn Gustav Mahler, the composer, Walter Gropius, the founder of the Bauhaus School, and finally Franz Werfel, the Jewish writer of, among many other things, "The Song of Bernadette." Tragedy overcame all three of her husbands, but to judge from her book, in her older age Frau Werfel has found a kind of peace. The concluding words of her book I found deeply moving:

My life was beautiful. God gave me to know the works of genius in our time before they left the hands of their creators. And if for a while I was able to hold the stirrups of these horsemen of light, my being has been justified and blessed.

From the world of the intellect to the world of action. Sometimes we forget that a war is still going on in Malaya, a war which has occupied large numbers of British and Malayan troops and police for more than eleven years. The fact of this continuing war is brought home to us by Brigadier Miers in his book *SHOOT TO KILL*. Brigadier Miers is that rare bird: a soldier who can write. Indeed, for one who has read many books on Malaya, his account, modestly told, of the operations of a single battalion give a clearer picture of the emergency and of the jungle war against the Communist terrorists than any I have yet read.

One by one the great unclimbed and hitherto considered unclimbable mountain peaks of the world fall to the resolution of the modern climber. In *RAKAPOSHI*, Captain Mike Banks tells the story of the success of the expedition which he led. Last

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- THE PROF*, by R. F. Harrod. (Macmillan; 25s.)  
*ELEONORA DUSE*, by Olga Signorelli. (Thames and Hudson; £3 3s.)  
*AND THE BRIDGE IS LOVE*, by Alma Mahler Werfel. (Hutchinson; 25s.)  
*SHOOT TO KILL*, by Richard Miers. (Faber; 18s.)  
*RAKAPOSHI*, by Mike Banks. (Secker and Warburg; 25s.)  
*A TWIST OF SAND*, by Geoffrey Jenkins. (Collins; 15s.)  
*LADY L.*, by Romain Gary. (Michael Joseph; 15s.)  
*THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER*, by Alan Sillitoe. (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.)  
*NO NAME IN THE STREET*, by Gillian Tindall. (Cassell; 15s.)  
*SAY I'M IN CONFERENCE*, by Nicole de Buron. (Collins; 13s. 6d.)



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## THE WORLD OF MOTORING.

### CAR OF THE MONTH—THE RILEY 4/SIXTY EIGHT.

By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. G. DOUGLAS CLEAVE, B.Sc., A.M.I.Mech.E.

OF the five B.M.C. 1½-litre saloons styled by Farina, the Riley 4/Sixty Eight is the last to be introduced and the most expensive. There are good reasons for its higher price in the high standards of finish, equipment and performance that distinguish it.

In the opinion of many it is also the most pleasing in appearance of the range, for its frontal treatment seems to have more character about it. This is due largely to the distinctive radiator grille, which carries on the Riley tradition and which is set slightly forward of the headlamps mounted in the tips of the front wings. Below the lamps, and running round into the sides of the wings, are decorative mouldings in which are mounted the amber flashing indicators and the side lamps.

The body shell is, of course, that common to all five cars of the B.M.C. 1½-litre range, but the prominent fins above the rear wings have their rear ends carrying the lamp, flasher and reflector clusters trimmed off to slope slightly forwards. When duotone finish, an optional extra costing £17 14s. 2d., including purchase tax, is specified, the colour break follows the bright moulding which runs right along the side of the body from headlamp to fin.

Altogether the car has a well-balanced appearance, and the four doors open fully to give unobstructed access to the interior, the style of which is quite luxurious in character. The front bucket seats are adjustable over an adequate range to allow for occupants of varying stature, and are well shaped to give good support to the thighs, back and shoulders.

Hide upholstery over latex foam cushions, thick pile carpets over heavy felt underlay, and burr walnut for the fascia and door cappings combine to produce an air of refinement and comfort. The rear seat has a folding centre arm-rest, which is a real help in positioning the passengers when only two occupy it, and there are also arm-rests on the doors.

The driving position is very comfortable, the seat being high enough to give the driver unobstructed vision over the wheel and at the same time sufficient leg clearance below it. Visibility is first-class all round, and the driver can see all four wing tips, so that he can position the car to a hair's-breadth when manoeuvring. The pendant pedals are well placed in relation to the wheel. The short central gear-lever is, perhaps, a little too close, but it operates so lightly and smoothly that there is no real disadvantage. The pull-up hand-brake lever is most conveniently located on the right of the driver's seat, where it is easily reached but never in the way.

Instruments are neatly grouped in a separate binnacle panel immediately in front of the driver and are readily seen at a glance. In this panel the speedometer on the left is matched by a revolution counter on the right, and between them are three smaller dials of the ammeter, fuel gauge, and, combined in one dial, the oil-pressure gauge and coolant thermometer. Beneath the instruments are neat, positive action, tumbler switches for lights and screen-wiper, and the screen-washer control knob. A horn half-ring is mounted on the steering wheel, the combined ignition-starter switch is at the left side of the steering column, and the flashing indicator switch is on the right within finger-tip reach.

The B-series engine has the normal 8.3 to 1 compression ratio, but is supplied by two S.U. inclined carburettors, and it gives a maximum output of 66.5 b.h.p. at 5,150 r.p.m. The final drive ratio is 4.3 to 1, which, with 5.90-14 tyres gives a speed of 16.5 m.p.h. at 1,000 r.p.m. on top gear and a speed of 85.5 m.p.h. at maximum power. When road conditions permit, the car attains this speed without becoming fussy or noisy, but it is naturally at its best when not quite so hard pressed. It cruises particularly effortlessly in the 65-75 m.p.h. bracket, and wind noise is also then very unobtrusive.

On third gear 73 m.p.h. can be attained, a very useful performance for rapid overtaking or fast hill climbing. Second gear gives a maximum of 43 m.p.h., and 26 m.p.h. can be reached on first. As these figures suggest, quite a brisk acceleration is available when required. From rest to a speed of 30 m.p.h. takes only 6.9 secs., and to 60 m.p.h. requires only 17.7 secs., so that the 4/Sixty Eight has no difficulty in holding its own either in traffic or on the open road.

While the easy gear-change encourages use of the gears, the flexibility of the engine will please the less enterprising type of driver. Thus on top gear the engine will pull smoothly at as low a speed as 10 m.p.h., and will accelerate without protest to 30 m.p.h. in 10.5 secs. Almost the same rate of top-gear acceleration is available up to 50 m.p.h., when naturally it begins to fall off, but obviously the leisurely driver has all the performance he is likely to need.

Steering is of cam and peg type; it is light in action, quite precise, has a degree of understeer that will please the average driver, and is free from any road reaction. The suspension gives a comfortable ride and is little

affected by bad road surfaces. Road holding is such that the inexperienced driver is unlikely to find that the car is behaving in an unexpected manner, even in fast cornering, although some roll may be experienced if the speed is too high.

Good brakes are necessary if the car's performance is to be enjoyed, and the Girling two-leading shoe front brakes are 2½ ins. wide in 9-in. drums, while the normal leading and trailing rear shoes are 1½ ins. wide. The total braking area is 146.6 sq. ins., which proved quite adequate with only light pressure in normal driving, and capable of producing a very satisfactory crash-stop when required.

The Riley 4/Sixty Eight is, in short, a car that will please most drivers, with a notably smooth and willing engine, a delightful gear-change, and consistently good road manners. Its quietness and comfort will please all passengers, who have ample head, leg and elbow room. Furthermore, it is an economical car and at ordinary touring speeds its fuel consumption is in the region of 30 m.p.g., better or worse, according to the driver.

Safety features have not been omitted, and include a dished two-spoked wheel, a black leather-covered panel over the fascia to avoid troublesome reflections in the screen, and padded edges to the fascia and full-width parcel shelf. The zero-torque door locks have safety catches to prevent children inadvertently opening the doors, and the warning light in the flashing indicator lever-switch is dimmed when side and tail lamps are switched on.

Heater and de-mister are included in the very comprehensive equipment,

with control knobs mounted centrally in the fascia at each side of the central clock. Adequate ventilation is assured by the opening quarter lights in all four doors, although a little trial and error may be necessary to find the best arrangement at any particular time. Other fittings include ashtrays in all doors, a parcel shelf behind the rear seat, and a lockable glove-box in the fascia.

Luggage space in the boot is generous, 19 cu. ft., and the lid of the boot has a torsion bar counterbalance spring, so that it opens easily and remains open while luggage is loaded. The spare wheel is carried in its own compartment below the floor of the boot.

Basic price with single colour finish is £725, which purchase tax of £303 4s. 2d. raises to a total of £1028 4s. 2d. With duotone finish the total price is £1045 18s. 4d. In view of the quietly luxurious character of the car, its good performance, and its very

complete equipment, these figures can by no means be considered high.

#### MOTORING NOTES

The 1959 Motor Show, which opens at Earls Court on October 21, will be remarkable for the number of new models amongst the over 300 cars exhibited. For the first time Russian cars will join the British, Canadian, American and Continental cars on view. The Show will be open daily, except Sunday, until October 31.

For the first seven months of this year an all-time record of nearly 340,000 cars were exported, to the value of almost £132 million. For the same period last year the figures were 299,000 cars, to a value of £113.5 million.

An experimental Austin Healey *Sprite* recently established many international and American class records at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, including the international and U.S.A. 12-hour, the distance covered being 1665 miles and the average speed 138.75 m.p.h. Beneath the streamlined body is a basically standard 950-c.c. engine, supercharged to produce 86 b.h.p. at 6000 r.p.m.

Rumours have been rife that the famous *2cv* Citroen, which is known by many nicknames, including "the ugly duckling" and "the millionaires' car," was to be supplemented by a *3cv* version, but this has been denied by the manufacturers.

Renault Ltd. have opened regional offices in Birmingham, Manchester, and Glasgow, in order to maintain closer contact with their distributors, dealers, and Renault owners. The prices of the Renault *Floride* in Britain have also been announced, the convertible costing £1191 2s. 6d., including tax, and the coupé £1212 7s. 6d. Optional extras are four-speed gear-box, £25 10s., and detachable hard-top, £79 6s. 8d., including tax.

The G.P.O. has introduced a radio-telephone service for motorists, with two stations initially to cover parts of Lancashire and Cheshire. A licence fee of £7 10s. per quarter is payable, plus the cost of the equipment or its hire, and charges will be 2s. 6d. for a local call, and 2s. plus the trunk charge for calls outside the area.



THE LAST AND MOST EXPENSIVE OF B.M.C.'S FIVE 1½-LITRE SALOONS STYLED BY FARINA TO BE INTRODUCED: THE RILEY 4/SIXTY EIGHT, A MODESTLY LUXURIOUS, MEDIUM-PRICED FAMILY CAR WITH A TOP SPEED OF 85.5 M.P.H. WITHOUT DUOTONE FINISH, ITS COST, INCLUDING TAX, IS £1028 4s. 2d.



# Read...mark...learn...

*(and be completely bewildered)*

Some motorists revel in mechanical details. A car manufacturer's lubrication chart is their idea of bliss. Others (and who shall blame them?) are either baffled by such things or just can't be bothered with them.

But *someone* must bother. There are between 35 and 40 parts of a motor car that need regular checking, greasing or lubricating. The car won't fall apart if they don't get it, but it will run much better and more economically if they do.

The simple answer is *Shelllubrication*. This is a complete system of car care, using the latest oils and greases, which Shell Stations are specially equipped to provide. It ensures that every part of a car has the right amount of the right lubricant. It makes oil changes easy to remember. It prevents little troubles growing into big ones. And all with the least possible bother and expense.

Shelllubrication is a big help to the motorist in this busy life. It is an example of Shell planning in action—supplying the products and service to meet the needs of the times.

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*Domecq's*

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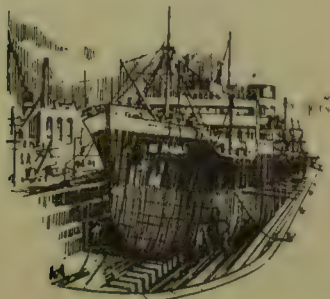
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## An apology !

We apologise for a mistake in our advertisement which appeared in the September 19 issue of this magazine. The price of £16.15.6 quoted for our tweed sports jacket should have read £10.15.6.

We trust no inconvenience has been caused to any of our customers.

# Gieves

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A MAN IS KNOWN BY THE COMPANY HE KEEPS

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A Branch of The United Steel Companies Limited

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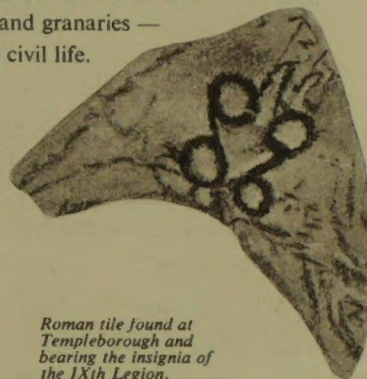
## Where Roman soldiers marched—



About AD 50, the present site of the Templeborough plant of Steel, Peech & Tozer was a Roman camp at the ford where Riknild Street crossed the River Don. Following the slaughter of the IXth Roman Legion by Boadicea, remnants were moved north, the camp strengthened and enlarged and then became a great permanent fortress with

temple, baths, hospitals, villas, storehouses and granaries — a complete centre of Roman military and civil life.

The Temple endured for three centuries, and in the local museum lie portions of columns, altars and sepulchral monuments which were unearthed in the vicinity of Templeborough. The tile bearing the emblem of the IXth Legion was found during the excavations in 1919 for the first portion of Templeborough Works, when a foundry was also uncovered, evidence of early iron-working on this site.



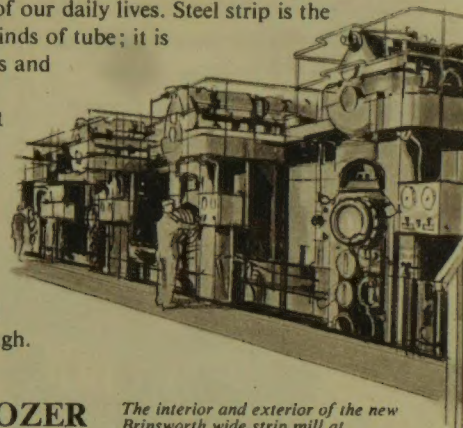
Roman tile found at Templeborough and bearing the insignia of the IXth Legion.

## — a new continuous strip mill



The Steel, Peech & Tozer steelworks now stretch for nearly two miles along the River Don, and the latest addition, the new Brinsworth Continuous Strip Mill is the most modern of its kind in the world. Here are rolled thousands of tons each week of steel strip, which finds its way into every part of our daily lives. Steel strip is the basis of many kinds of tube; it is

found in bicycle frames and perambulators, motor car wheels and vacuum cleaners. But then, strip figures in one form or another in almost everything. In the home, the office and the fields, by road, sea, rail or air you constantly encounter useful applications of the most versatile material — steel strip from Templeborough.



STEEL, PEECH & TOZER

The interior and exterior of the new Brinsworth wide-strip mill at Templeborough.

A Branch of THE UNITED  
**STEEL**  
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SP 223

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WITH THE  
COFFEE"**

At a city banquet, where no man is careless of food and drink, Grand Marnier is chosen to perfect the meal. And what a meal!

On this occasion Londoners eat as they did when the English were famous trenchermen, as they rarely do today. And they will take their time, in compliment to chefs who also have taken time, and immense pains.

When it is almost over, many glasses will be filled with the sweet essence of the South, Grand Marnier. More practically, the city men will honour their palates with a digestif, a mellow liqueur made for this especial purpose: Grand Marnier, the only fine champagne cognac liqueur.



**Grand Marnier**  
LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE

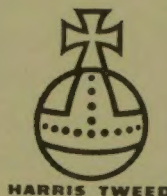
Cherry Marnier... another noble liqueur

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